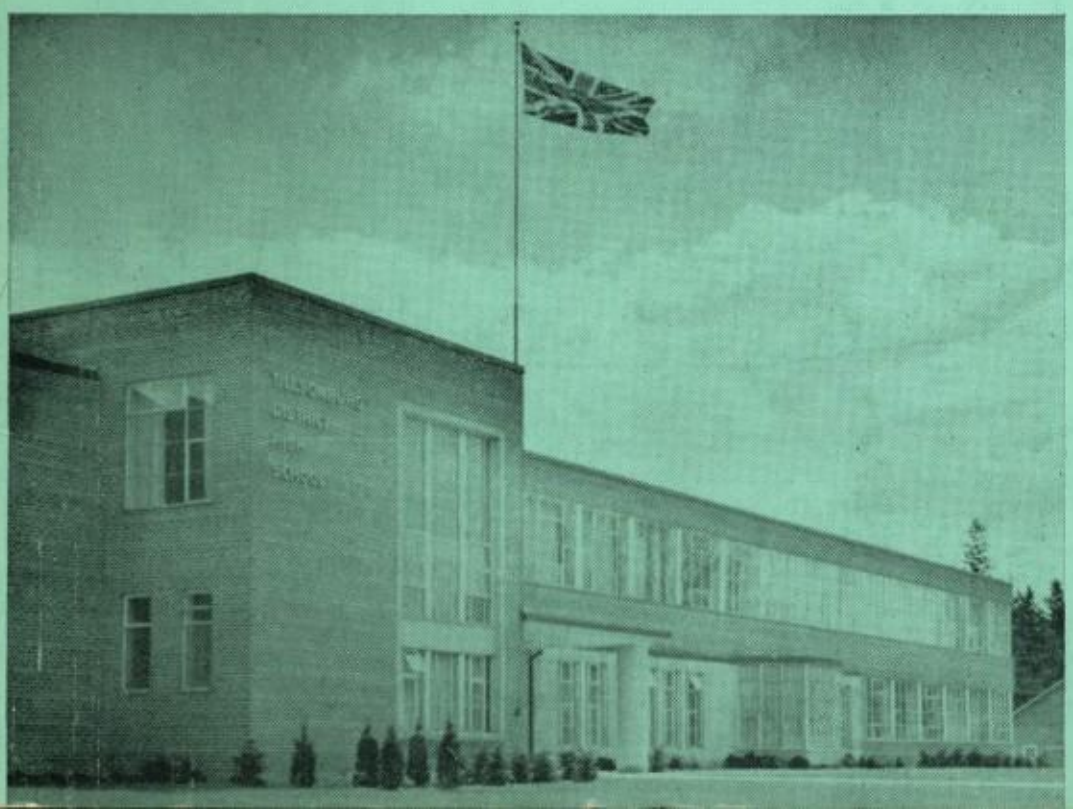
Gary E. Miller

FAB-BR



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THE EXECUTIVE OF THE TATLER

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DEDICATE THIS BOOK

WITH SINCERE GRATITUDE

AND APPRECIATION FOR

THEIR OUTSTANDING

ACHIEVEMENT

IN THE

ERECTION OF

OUR NEW SCHOOL

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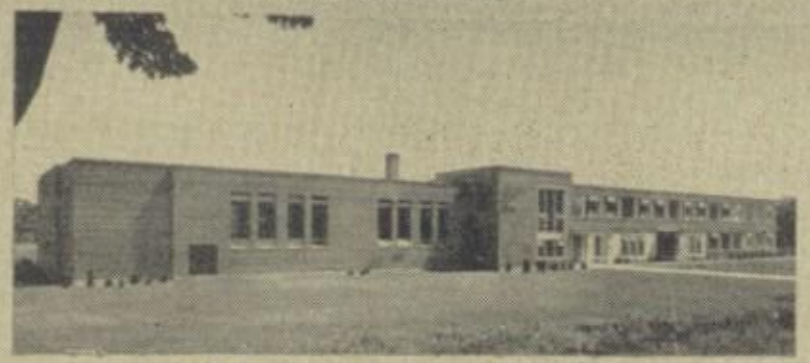

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Seeing Is Believing

(By the Chairman of the Area Board)

There is an old saying which tells us that "To see is to believe," and the truth of that adage has impressed me deeply this year as we have watched the operation of our new School. For many years it was but a dream of the Board, the teachers and students, of this area, but today we see the new school as a reality, a proud accomplishment for the Trustees, a greater sphere of influence for the teachers, and an enlarged source of knowledge for the students.

The public, as represented by the past two generations, have expressed time and again, as they visited our School, "My, I wish we could have attended a school like this."

To the students, this school is a challenge to each individual in determining the pattern of his actions day by day, and the design for a full, free and happy school life, which can only be completed to the extent that each student chooses to make his life contribute and conform to the best interest of the school as a whole.

In closing, may I convey the good wishes of the Board to the Editorial Staff of the Tatler.

H. A. Ostrander,

Chairman of the Board.

TATLER BUSINESS STAFF

Standing: L. Libitz, Mr. Moore, P. Gibson.
Seated: J. Anderson, L. Bridge, P. Hillis, J. McDonald.
Absent: L. Law.

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Assistant Editor ..... Peter Gibson, XIIA
Alumni and Boys' Sports ..... Richard Jones, XIII
Activities ..... Gloria Haycock, XIIA
Jacqueline McDonald, XIIC
Prose and Fiction ..... Edith Moon, XIIC
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Patricia Hillis, Jacqueline McDonald, XIIC
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Adviser to Editors ..... Miss Grieve

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Seated: K. Sandor, J. McDonald, G. Haycock, L. Law, M. MacEwan, P. Gibson, J. Scrimgeour, R. Jones, R. Mason.

Back Row: J. E. Tulloch, W. Reid, S. K. Dicks, J. R. Murray, D. R. Campbell, R. Harden, W. Parkhill.
Centre: A. B. Taylor, W. Moore, R. J. Sinclair, W. P. Kirkwood, S. Wightman, R. D. Alexander, A. J. Beattie.
Front: A. Volker, P. Dunbar, G. Grieve, M. Rock, G. B. Ostrander, R. Field, M. E. McIntosh.

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Mr. A. J. Beattie	B.A., Western
Mr. D. R. Campbell	B.A., Western
Mr. S. K. Dicks	B.A., Toronto
Mrs. P. Dunbar	B.A., Western
Miss R. Field	B.A., Queen's
Miss G. Grieve	B.A., Western
Mr. R. Harden	B.A., Toronto
Miss M. McIntosh	B.A., Toronto
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Mr. A. B. Taylor	B.A., Toronto
Mr. J. Tulloch	B.A., Toronto
Miss A. Volker	B.A., McMaster
Mr. S. Wightman	B.A., Queen's

Foreword From The Principal

This edition of the **Tatler,** like its predecessor of last year, may prove, in the years that lie ahead, to be one of the most important year books ever published by the students of the Tillsonburg District High School. Both editions are important historically, because, just as the 1949-1950 edition contained a complete survey of the academic and extra-curricular programmes of the last classes to occupy the old school, so does this one give a permanent record of the activities and accomplishments of the students in their first year in the new school. On its pages, in pictorial form, are preserved the Board of Education responsible for the planning and construction of this fine building, the first teaching staff, most of the student body, its organizations, and its special events of the year. All of these records will, no doubt, be of great interest to future generations of students.

The new accommodation has not only allowed the curriculum to be expanded by the addition of new courses but it has also increased the extra-curricular programme. The splendid T.D.H.S. Musical Revue held in March was an example of the beginning of a greatly expanded musical programme. Other departments, too numerous to mention here, are doing equally well.

Although we enjoy our new building, we often look back with fond memories on the old T.D.H.S., which will soon be no more. We have cherished memories of its crowded class-rooms and halls, and of the stairs worn nearly through by the footsteps of former T.D.H.S. students. We proudly remember, too, the $2,000 scholarship record of the final class to graduate from that venerable building.

The **Tatler** of 1950-51, looking ahead to even finer accomplishments, carries with it the record of our first year in the Tillson Avenue school. To the parents and friends who have shown so much interest in our numerous activities, to the Board of Education, and to all who have contributed in any way to the magnificent school of which we are so proud, we extend sincere thanks.

Congratulations to the **Tatler** staff and its advisors on this splendid edition!

W. P. Kirkwood, B.A.

Editorial

As the world enters the second half of the century, Tillsonburg District High School might be said to be entering the second half of its long and illustrious career. The old high school building on Concession Street lasted for over fifty years as the centre for secondary school education in Tillsonburg, and it is safe to presume that our ultra-modern edifice on Tillson Avenue will continue to embrace within its walls the essences of higher learning for the next fifty years, if not longer.

Therefore, the students who are enjoying the bountiful benefits of our new school should appreciate the fact that it is up to them to set the standard for the next half-century as the students of Tillsonburg High School set the standard in 1894 when our school consisted of two rooms adjoined to the Public School, not twenty rooms as it does today. These students began the reputation of high academic and extra-curricular achievement which has steadily increased throughout the years and which has made our institution one to be deeply proud of. If these students could make such a success of their school in a building in which, it must be admitted, they had so little to work with, how much greater a success the students of the next fifty years should be able to achieve with all the vast improvements now at their disposal, both academically and physically speaking?

This is the year in which the reputation of our new school will be established. We have a much larger building, a much larger enrolment and a much larger staff, and it will, therefore, be a much larger task to mould the school into a united, harmonious whole. It is up to ourselves to keep our school spirit alive and not let our school become merely a place where the hours from nine to twelve, and from one to four o'clock are endured and not enjoyed. Getting out our school magazine, planning assemblies and dances, attending basketball games and football games, participating in the annual Field Day and Cadet Inspection should not be looked upon as a drudgery that simply must be tolerated, along with learning formulas, declensions, and typing, but should be entered upon with enthusiasm and a genuine urge to better your school and, in so doing, better yourselves!

So here is to 1951—the beginning of a new era for our school, and we sincerely hope that it shall in no way reflect on the past honours and glory of T.D.H.S.

Jean Scrimgeour, Spec. Comm.

The School's Official Opening

The school was as bright and shiny as a new penny on the evening of October 13th, 1950, when about one thousand people viewed its ultra-modern "accoutrements". In the spacious gymnatorium the school was officially opened in a solemn ceremony.

The programme opened with a short address by J. D. Vallee, chairman of the School Board. This was followed by "God Save the King", and introductions of the many guests. During the evening, speeches were delivered by Burwell R. Coon, architect, D. H. McLaren, Foundation Company, G. L. Duffin, executive secretary of the Department of Education, A. G. Hooper, Superintendent of Secondary Education, S. Wightman, Thomas R. Dent, and Principal W. P. Kirkwood. It was regretted that G. E. Johnson, Inspector of High Schools, was unable to be present.

The school key was presented, and a flag, donated by the I.O.D.E. The programme was supplemented by several selections by the school orchestra and the Glee Club.

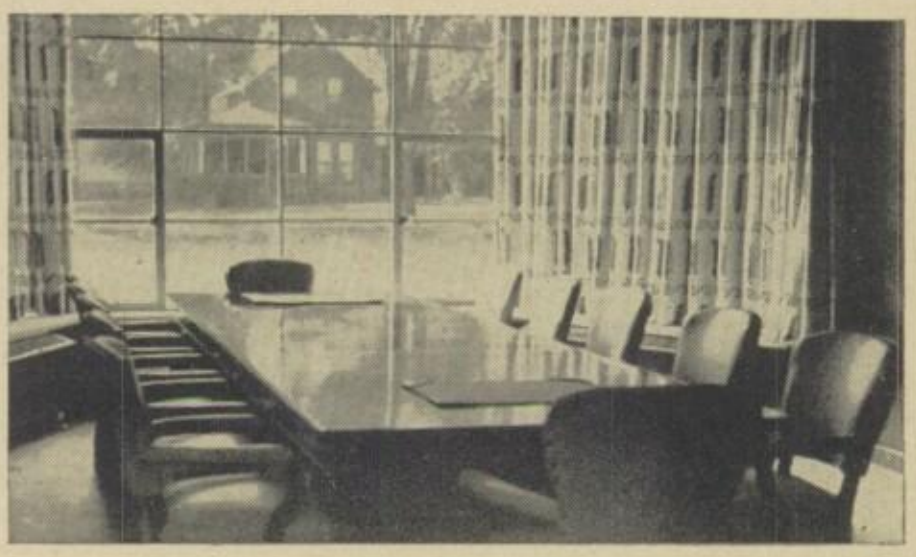
As the programme proved more lengthy than was expected, our guests did not start on their tour of inspection until ten o'clock. Each member of the staff was present in his or her home form to show the spectators the highlights of that particular room.

As we wandered through the school, we were all greatly surprised and delighted to come upon Mr. Hay, our erstwhile history teacher, in one of the classrooms.

The tours of inspection were conducted by a number of the senior students, who pointed out the cafeteria, home economics rooms, chemistry and physics laboratories, special commercial classroom, library, projection room, nurse's room, and first aid station, boardroom, and even the "subterranean rifle range"!

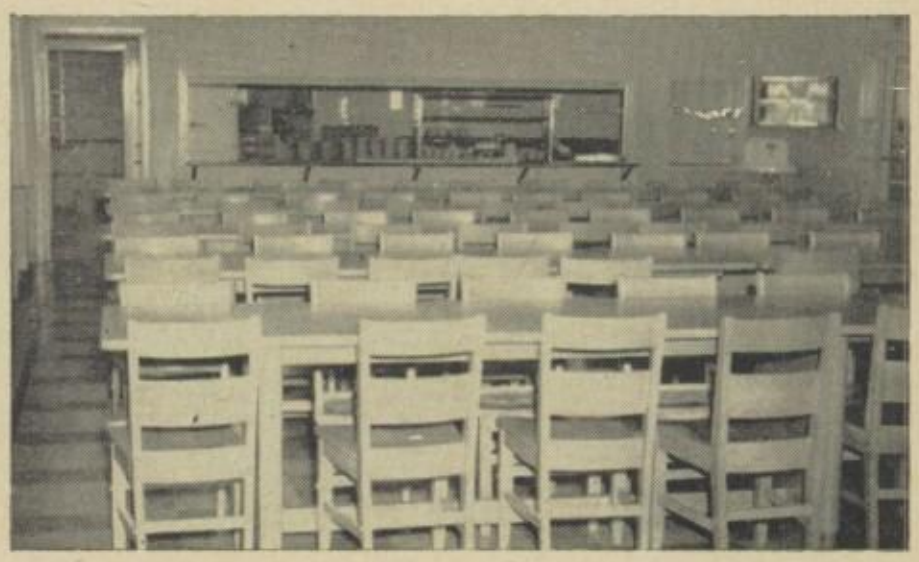
Laurel Agur, XIIA.

THE MAIN FOYER

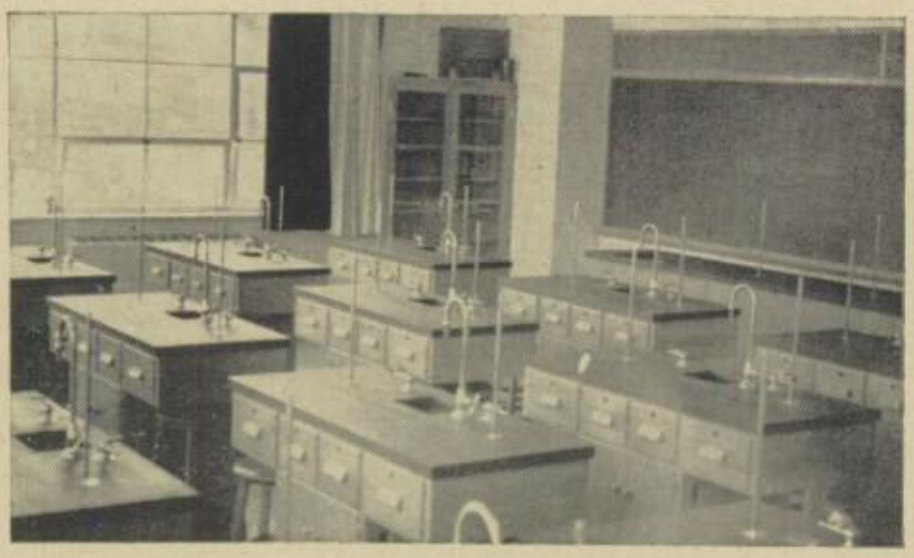


THE BOARD ROOM

THE LIBRARY



THE CAFETERIA



THE SCIENCE LABORATORY

A TYPICAL CLASSROOM

Valedictory

(Commencement, December 1, 1950)

Amelia Gerhardt

Mr. Kirkwood, ladies and gentlemen:

I have, tonight, the pleasant task of speaking on behalf of the class of '50. As a result of our five years in attendance at this school, there developed a close bond between students and school, that cannot be severed by goodbyes. Coping with Latin, physics, and algebra, leaves us with many fond memories. At times, some of us became impatient, bored, and weary with the task of learning. Now, as we look back on those days and I think that I speak for us all, we acknowledge that it was a worthwhile process, and the five years are full of many happy memories.

Surely, when we think of that bond that grew between us, our minds turn to that very important connecting link which served to weld that relationship. I am, of course, referring to our teachers. Their personal interest and friendship, as they guided us through the world of learning, shall always be remembered. Often, throughout the five years, you, our teachers, must have been discouraged by our blunders and apparent indifference to absorb knowledge. However, when we emerged from our examination rooms last spring, you were there, and it gave us a great feeling to hear the expression of your faith in, "Well, did you get a first in that one?"

We owe a debt of gratitude also to our school board. Many of us probably have overlooked the fact that there is a group of men who are giving their time, ability, and untiring effort to better the conditions surrounding our high school career. For many years, we wanted a new high school. These men did something about it, and this beautiful and modern building is proof of their ability, and a monument to their achievement.

There are two more people to whom we owe a great deal. Each of us is aware of the tremendous sacrifice on the part of our parents. Mom, and Dad, we know that we can never repay it. Right through our school career, you have guided our footsteps, borne our burdens, helped make decisions, shared our joys, and disappointments—because you are our parents. Many of you gave us opportunities that you never had. You didn't say, "At your age I was earning my living," but rather, "Continue your education, and perhaps your life won't be as difficult as ours was."

For all your sacrifice all that you have in return, so far, is the sharing of our pride and satisfaction that comes with achievement.

With the receiving of our high school graduation certificates, we reach a milestone in our lives, marking our academic success. This certificate is important to us all. With it as a staunch foundation some of us are already going out into the world —the rest of us are still coping with books and examinations.

This diploma also means the end of our high school days—days in which we set the standard for our lives, academically, socially, and morally. Our whole lives centred around our school, and our friends. We have left the school, and the friends, and probably we shall never be together as a group again. The pursuit of different fields of study and work have scattered us over a broad area. From personal experience, I can say that there is a warmth and a special joy in meeting our old friends away from home. We will make new friends but the old will never be forgotten.

My good-byes have a special significance tonight. Not only do we, the class of '50, take leave of our old Alma Mater, but **all** students take leave of its old halls forever. (Ours will be the last graduating class from the old T.D.H.S. on Concession street.) Therefore, we experience mingled feelings of joy and sorrow. Certainly this new school has all the advantages and we shall watch its progress with interest. At times, we may think that we were born five years too soon, but I would not change one part of my high school story.

I would like to say to the present students of T.D.H.S. that this phase of your life will

mean a great deal to you in the future. Everything you do, including both extra-curricular affairs, and academic work, will have a great bearing on your future.

You will be responsible not only for the success and the fame of the new high school, but also for upholding the standards and traditions which have made the old school so outstanding in the past.

I know that you are capable of the task; so, good-bye, and good luck.

Alumni

A school consists of many elements. Of these elements, the most obvious, perhaps, are the building, the classes, and the functions; however, in any organization, the core of importance lies with its members, and in schools, not the least important of the members are the graduates.

Ex-students are just as much a part of T.D.H.S. as are all the actual students from grade nine to grade thirteen, for it is on their shoulders that tradition rests. For this reason, we take pleasure in setting down here the paths on which our graduates of recent years have embarked. Many of these young people are still going through the process of formal education; others have already entered upon the eventful course of life as self-dependent individuals, and we believe and hope, valuable citizens. Change is the logical order of things in this life, and we are proud to look on the rise to responsibility of our graduates, and to realize that we, the present students, belong to the same large family as they, bound together by the ties, both real and sentimental, of our Alma Mater.

1950

Nearly half of last year's grade thirteen found its way to London, with seven attending the University of Western Ontario, and eight at Normal School. Those who are undergoing their freshman year at Western include Shirley Holland, Amelia Gerhardt, and Bill Eichenberg in Science, and Ken Webster and Nick More in Business Administration. Georgette Demaiter is studying Home Economics at Brescia Hall, while Jennie Denys is pursuing Household Science, Western-style, with a view to becoming a dietition.

Comprising the Tillsonburg "bloc" at London Normal School are John Eppel, Sally McQueen, Vivian Thompson, Charles Ketchabaw, Don Currie, Anne Pauls, George Teall and Margaret Mekker.

The noble profession of nursing has attracted, of last year's graduating class, Barbara Mason to St. Joseph's Hospital, London, and Ruth Monk and Ruby Makins to Brantford General Hospital.

The Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph succeeded in attracting Dick Rokeby to study horticulture there.

Wallace Fletcher has made his habitat the Ryerson Institute of Technology in Toronto.

Don Sykes is taking a year off from education, and is working at home.

Ron Prickett has secured a position with the local branch of the Royal Bank of Canada.

Anita Hall is working in her father's store at Cultus.

Betty Williams is in Kemptville, where she is taking a commercial course.

Joseph Longstaff is working in London.

Marilyn Stilwell is at home.

Six of last year's upper school students returned to T.D.H.S. for the 1950-51 term. Russ Mannell, Dick Gibson, Jack Culp and Don Lee are continuing grade thirteen. Jean Scrimgeour (fortunately for the **Tatler**) is back taking Special Commercial. Harvey Smith is taking a combination of fifth and commercial this year.

The Commercial class of '50 has, for the most part, remained around home. However, Betty Smith is working in the office of the Oxford County Health Unit at Woodstock. Mary Sloboda has a position in Toronto with an advertising firm. Sandra Corbett has returned to Las Vegas, Nevada, where she is attending school and taking a general course. Douglas "Buzz" Palmer is working with the A. & P. in Chatham.

Those of last year's commercial graduates who are employed locally include Helen Pettifer at Jackson's Bakery, Muriel Deller at Stauffer Motors, and Bob Ravin at Eichenberg Motors.

Jean Crosby is working for the law firm of Groom and Weir.

Dick Peacock is employed at Livingston Wood Products, Limited.

Marilyn Wellman is currently planted (pun?) in the office of Livingston's.

Mary Demaiter is at home.

Lorna Tupper and Lloyd Rodgers are continuing special commercial at T.D.H.S.

Scholarship Winners

Richard Rokeby: Topping this year's list of scholarship winners was Richard Rokeby who won the following scholarships: Dominion - Provincial Bursary valued at $400.00, County of Norfolk, Agricultural Scholarship worth $100.00, and the Second Carter Scholarship worth $60.00. Richard is continuing his studies this year at O.A.C. in Guelph.

Georgette Demaiter: A strong and steady guard on last year's senior basketball team, Georgette was awarded the Brescia Hall scholarship valued at $150.00 and the Third Carter Scholarship worth $40.00. Georgette is studying at Western this year.

Amelia Gerhardt: A starry forward of last year's Gophers and noted for her hook shots, Amelia won a Dominion-Provincial Bursary worth $400. Amelia, while studying at Western, is a member of Western's ladies' basketball team.

Shirley Holland: Another student studying at Western is Shirley, who won a University of Western Ontario Scholarship worth $250.00 last year.

Donald Sykes: A Dominion-Provincial Bursary worth $400.00 was awarded to Don, who is spending this year at home before continuing with his studies.

Douglas Eckel: A member of the Senior Black Marauders, Doug. was awarded a Dominion-Provincial Bursary worth $100.00 last year.

Ruby Makins and **Wallace Fletcher:** The Courageous Chapter I.O.D.E. Scholarships valued at $100.00 each were won by Ruby and Wallace. Ruby is in training at Brantford General Hospital; while Wallace is studying industrial chemistry at the Ryerson Institute of Technology.

Jacquie McDonald, Spec. Comm.

The Tatler's Deepest Appreciation Goes To

Teachers who judged the various contests:

Cover design—Miss Field.

Poetry—Miss McIntosh, and Miss Ostrander.

Prose and Fiction—Mr. Harden, and Mr. Hicks.

Cartoons—Miss Grieve, and Mr. Campbell.

All the many contributors to our magazine, with special thanks to Mr. Campbell's class who held their own personal contest to encourage **Tatler** contributions.

All of our advertisers, without whose interested patronage and support the producing of this book would not be possible.

The School Board, whose continued interest and gratefully received financial aid has done much to bring about the **Tatler's** successful publication.

"LAST YEAR'S GRADE THIRTEEN"

(First Prize School Life Poem)

They always had their homework done;
They weren't at all like us;
They did the longest exercise
Without a bit of fuss.

They always wanted extra work
So they'd be sure to pass;
Their pride-filled pedagogues agree
They were a perfect class.

And when we've heard this eulogy
A hundred times or more,
We wish the teacher giving it
Would drop right through the floor!

Now they're gone, but not forgot.
Although we hardly knew 'em,
We'd like to take each studious one . . .
And put a bullet through 'im!

So when September brings again
New faces to the scene,
Let's hope they won't look back on us
As "Last Year's Grade Thirteen."

Gary E. Miller, XIII.

Commencement

On Friday, December 1st, the green flowered curtain rolled back on the first commencement to be held in the new Tillsonburg District High School auditorium.

Sixteen honour graduation diplomas, 36 graduation diplomas, including seven in commercial, and 73 intermediate diplomas were awarded.

After the singing of "O Canada," the student body sang the school song. The Senior Glee Club under the direction of Mr. Harden and accompanied by Joyce Hustler at the piano, sang "When Bagpipes Play" and "On Ilka Moor." Grant C. Brown, member of the High School Board, presented the intermediate certificates. A cornet solo, "Honeysuckle Polka," was played by Bill Popham, accompanied by Joyce Hustler at the piano.

Mrs. J. A. Gillet, regent of the James H. Wilson Chapter, I.O.D.E., presented chapter awards in history to Arnold Stover for British history and to Mary Elizabeth McLeod for Canadian history. Proficiency shields and athletic prizes were presented by Rev. Fr. J. H. O'Neil.

Mrs. W. B. Hogarth presented the boys' and girls' scholarships, donated by H.M.S. Courageous Chapter, I.O.D.E. The girls' winner was Ruby Makins, while winner of the boys' scholarship was Wallace Fletcher.

The High School orchestra under the direction of Mr. Harden played "Pomp and Circumstance" followed by the singing of "Bonnie Charlie" by the Junior Glee Club.

J. D. Vallee, chairman of the Tillsonburg District High School Board, presented the graduation diplomas and honor graduation diplomas. A special prize in French, donated by Mrs. W. L. Lindsay, was won by Richard Jones, while a special prize in Commercial, donated by the News Printing Co., was awarded to Mary Demaiter.

The final number on the program was the valedictory address by Miss Amelia Gerhardt whose speech may be found elsewhere in this book.

Secondary School Honour Graduation Diplomas—Donald Currie, Georgette Demaiter, Jennie Denys, William Eichenberg, Amelia Gerhardt, Shirley Holland, Charles Ketchabaw, Joseph Longstaff, Ruby Makins, Nick More, Anne Pauls, Ronald Prickett, Richard Rokeby, Jean Scrimgeour, Vivian Thompson, Betty Jean Williams.

Secondary School Graduation Diplomas—Charles Baldwin, Walter Berko, Ena Bradfield, J. F. Chambers, Jack Culp, Ann Dean, Douglas Eckel, Margaret Rose French, Richard Gibson, Elizabeth Grey, Anita Hall, Ruth Hawkins, Robert Heckadon, Margaret Howey, Richard Jones, Ramona Kisielis, Donald Lee, Margaret Mekker, Gary Miller, Richard Peacock, Elizabeth Simmons, Marion Swance, Jack Tanner, Agnes Thurston, Rosemary Toth, Marjorie Toze, Victoria Vance, Nancy Warren, Dorothy Weeks.

Secondary School Graduation Diplomas, Commercial Special—Muriel Deller, Mary Demaiter, Helen Pettifer, Robert Ravin, Mary Sloboda, Elizabeth Smith, Marilyn Wellman.

Intermediate Certificates—Bruce Austin, Eileen Biener, Gretta Bowes, Roy Bratty, George Buckrell, Margaret Buti, Andrew Choma, Lorraine Chute, Winifred Collings, Eunice Cowell, Maurice DeKindt, Freda Demaiter, Gerarde Demaiter, Cyril Demeyer, Anthony DeVos, Sharon Doyle, Shirley Eichenberg, June Faulkner, Gordon Fentie, Donna Franklin, Robert Galloway, Jenny Ghesquiere, Dixie Grant, Richard Gregson, Edwina Heckford, Joyce Hicks, Martha Hillner, Lillian Hogarth, Arabelle Howes, Wallis Hoyle, Paul Jackson, Shirley Jackson, Shirley Jenson, Marion Jones, Shirley Jones, Frank Knautz, Josephine Knautz, Barbara Lambert, James Leach, Oscar Legein, Shirley Loucks, Robert MacLennan, Dorothy McKenney, Mary Elizabeth McLeod, Bernice Maeckelberg, Florence Makins, Robert Mason, Lillian Medai, James Misner, Bonnie Moore, Barbara Morrison, Henry Mueller, Grant Neale, William Newman, Daisy Popham, Lucy Rokeby, Elizabeth Sergeant, James Sinden, Emilie Slama, Anne Sloboda, Phyllis Smith, Shirley Smith, Andrew Spriet, Roy Stewart, Doris Thurston, Freda Tomlinson, Alan Turner, Elizabeth Vanderhoek, Marcel Verscheure, Anise Vuylsteke, William Watts, Thomas Wells, Roger Willaert.

Proficiency Shields—Grade XII—Richard Rokeby; Grade XII—Richard Jones; Grade XI—Kathleen Sandor; Grade X—Mary Elizabeth McLeod; Grade IX — Arnold Stover; Grade IX (South Norwich only)—Arnold Stover.

Proficiency In Special Subjects—English — Jean Scrimgeour; French — Richard Rokeby; Mathematics — Shirley Holland;

Continued on Page 41

Grade XIII Graduates, 1951

MARGARET HOWEY
Interests
Music
Basketball
Plans
University

DOUGLAS ECKEL
Interests
Basketball
Track and Field, Tennis
Cadets
Typing

LUCILLE MONK
Interests
Glee Club
Plans
Normal School

CHARLES BALDWIN
Interests
Basketball
Rugby
Hockey
Baseball
Wireless
Plans O.A.C.

RICHARD JONES
Interests
Public Speaking
Dramatics
Music
Plans Teacher of H.S. French

AGNES THURSTON
Interests
Typing
Plans
Nursing

HERBERT AUGUSTINE
Interests
Sports
Cadets
N.C.O. Class
Shooting
Students' Council
Plans O.A.C. or R.C.A.F.

RUSSELL MANNELL
Interests
Band
Wireless
Glee Club
Basketball
Plans
A job

VICKIE VANCE
Interests
Students' Council
Cheerleading
Plans
University

RICHARD GIBSON
Interests
Glee Club
Rugby
Badminton
Wireless
Students' Council
Plans
Engineering Physics

J. F. CHAMBERS
Interests
Typing
N.C.O. Class
Maths.
Plans
University

RAMONA KISIELIS
Interests
Typing
Plans
Returning to School

ANN DEAN
Interests
Glee Club
Skating
Plans
Undecided

EILEEN BROWN
Interests
Glee Club
Plans
Normal School

MAXINE SANDERSON
Interests
Glee Club
Reading
Plans
Normal School

DONALD LEE
Interests
Glee Club
Signalling
Plans
Undecided

MARION SWANCE
Interests
Glee Club
Plans
Unstated

ENA BRADFIELD
Interests
Glee Club
Typing
Plans
Nursing

VICTOR RACZ

Interests
- Wireless
- Rifle Marksmanship

Plans
- Aeronautical Engineering

ELIZABETH SIMMONS

Interests
- Glee Club
- Y. P. S.

Plans
- Unstated

JACK CULP

Interests
- Wireless
- Band
- Shooting
- Students' Council

Plans
- Undecided

ROBERT HECKADON

Interests
- Signalling
- Shooting
- N.C.O. Class
- Science

Plans
- University

GARY MILLER

Interests
- Students' Council
- Track
- Reading

Plans
- Unstated

JACK TANNER

Interests
- Cadets
- Shooting
- Basketball
- Rugby
- Fastball
- Hockey

BETTY GREY

Interests
- Glee Club
- Basketball
- Swimming

Plans
- Normal School

GEORGETTE GILBERT

Interests
- Typing

Plans
- Nursing

JOYCE HUSTLER

Interests
- Glee Club
- Orchestra

Plans
- Undecided

WALTER BERKO

Interests
- Basketball

Plans
- University

SHIRLEY STEELE

Interests
- Typing
- Basketball

Plans
- Nursing

GEORGE GYULVESZI

Interests
- Football
- Basketball
- Shooting
- Glee Club

Plans
- University

Commercial Graduates, 1951

LORENE BRIDGE

Interests
- Dramatics
- Swimming

Plans
- Stenographer
- Typist

JOAN WELLMAN

Interests
- Basketball
- Dramatics

Plans
- Stenographer

DONALD PEACOCK

Interests
- Basketball
- N.C.O. and Officer Course

Plans
- Office Work

DOROTHY WEEKS

Interests
- Puppet Club
- B. Y. P. U. Choir

Plans
- Secretary

ROSEMARY TOTH

Interests
- Glee Club
- Library
- Basketball

Plans
- Stenographer

EDITH MOON
Interests
Dramatics
Glee Club
Badminton
Basketball
Art Club
Dancing
Plans Typist
Art School

JEAN SCRIM-GEOUR
Interests
"Tatler"
Art Club
Glee Club
Dancing
Plans
Journalism
Office Work

PATRICIA HILLIS
Interests
Basketball
Dancing
Tennis
Badminton
Swimming
Plans
Stenographer

NANCY WARREN
Interests
Basketball
Volleyball
Plans
Secretarial Work

MARION NETHER-COTT
Interests
Camera Club
Plans
Missionary-Nurse

LORNA TUPPER
Interests
Art
Orchestra
Basketball
Plans
Secretarial Work

JACQUELINE McDONALD
Interests
Hockey
Dancing
Skating
Plans
Bookkeeper

JEAN SMITH
Interests
Basketball
Volleyball
Badminton
Hockey
Plans
Office Work

ELLA GYULVESZI
Interests
Basketball
Dancing
Swimming
Reading
Plans
Office Work

JOYCE HIBBERT
Interests
Students' Council
"Tatler"
Badminton
Basketball
Plans
Newspaper Work

LLOYD ROGERS
Interests
Golf
Swimming
Plans
Automobile Business

EVELYN MATTHEWS
Plans
Bookkeeper

DOROTHY LAMBERT
Interests
Glee Club
Plans
Stenographer

MARGARET FRENCH
Interests
Art Club
"Tatler"
Basketball
Plans
Office Work

RUTH HAWKINS
Interests
Puppet Club
Plans
Bookkeeper

LOIS LAW
Interests
Glee Club
"Tatler"
Cheerleading
Plans
Bookkeeper

PATRICIA BOUGHNER
Interests
Basketball
Dancing
Volleyball
Plans
Office Work

MARY CLAIRE MacEWAN
Interests
Dramatics
Glee Club
Art Club
Plans
Office Position

Activities

Edited by
GLORIA HAYCOCK and
JACQUELINE McDONALD

STUDENTS' COUNCIL EXECUTIVE
Gary Miller (Pres.), S. Mayorcsak (Treas.), Dorothy Weeks (Sec.), Vickie Vance (Vice-Pres.).

Election—Assembly

The first assembly in our new high school was held on November 15th. Former T.D. H.S. students could not seem to get accustomed to the fact that we had so much space and we could actually go on breathing during the assembly. To avoid any serious case of sudden shock only half the gym was used until we got used to the idea.

The assembly took the form of campaign speeches with the two parties "Wits" and "Ameliorators" taking the spotlight. Most honourable Gary Miller was the first speaker. He expressed his views on the subject of president and outlined his plans. He closed by saying kind words for his opposition, Herb. Augustine, "He's a swell guy."

Herb, "Wits" candidate for President, was the next speaker, and he also outlined his plans which he would try very hard, he said, to put into effect. His proposal of a graduation banquet brought forth the most "ohs" and "ahs." The rest of the "Ameliorators," Joyce Hibbert (Sec'ty.), Pete Gibson (Treas.) and Elizabeth Simmons (Vice-Pres.), made their speeches garbed in white to represent Roman virtues of purity, honesty and truthfulness, as their party's name "Ameliorator" is of Latin origin (for the sake of those who never had the honour of studying the subject).

The "Wits" party, which was composed of Vickie Vance (Vice-Pres.), Dorothy Weeks (Sec.), and Steve Mayorscak (Treas.), then delivered their speeches. Steve stole the show by appearing as a wise (?) politician complete with cigar.

Our first assembly was a very enjoyable one and not many will forget it for a while.

Lorene Bridge, Spec. Comm.

Student Council

The school's Student Council this year replaced the Literary Society of former years. Elected to the executive were Gary Miller, President; Vickie Vance, Vice-President; Dorothy Weeks, Secretary; and Steve Mayorcsak, Treasurer. Forms chose the following representatives: Herb. Augustine, XIII Mike Hozer, XII-A; Maybelle Thompson, XII-B; Joyce Hibbert, XII-C; Shirley Eichenberg, XI-A; Richard Gregson, XI-B; Ken Ross, XI-C; Donelda Sinden, X-A; Charles Thomas, X-B; Bill Osborne, X-C; Georgette Maeckelberg, X-D; Helen Katona, IX-A; Allan Jackson, IX-B; Frances Grey, IX-C; George Stiers, IX-D; Arthur Fletcher, IX-E; and Irene Sinden, IX-F.

School organizations were represented by Wray Watts, Boys' Athletic Society; Nan Warren, Girls' Athletic Society; Jack Culp, Orchestra; Mary Elizabeth McLeod, Glee Club; Ruth Hawkins, Puppet Club; Leonard Libitz, Camera Club; Richard Jones, Literary Society; Dick Gibson, Badminton Club; Lois Law, Cheerleaders; and Mr. Dicks, Mr. Campbell, Mr. Reid, and Miss Grieve, staff advisors.

Besides the "At Home," reported elsewhere in this book, the Council sponsored the first school paper in our history, the "Terrazzo Echo," under the editorship of Maybelle Thompson (although only one edition appeared); was responsible for the refreshments in the cafeteria during the Athletic Nights; and provided the music in the halls at Christmas time. Form representatives deserve credit for the assemblies which were put on by the Student Council, and also for preparing the initial draft of the Council's "Constitution."

Gary Miller, XIII.

The Dramatic Club

With the ultra-modern Tillsonburg District High School came many changes in student clubs and organizations with many new clubs being formed. Of these, the Dramatic Club is one.

It was formed by an enthusiastic group of students who felt the need for literary achievement, in addition to the usual classroom Shakespeare.

The club is under the capable direction of Miss McIntosh, whose special regard for details enhances the success of all productions; Miss Ostrander, whose clever wit adds humour to otherwise tedious rehearsals; and Mr. Dicks, whose modern ideas are always welcome.

The members of the club meet every Tuesday and Thursday in the activity period. At these meetings, plays are read, discussed and rehearsed.

Mr. Hutt, who has directed the professional groups of the Canadian theatre for two years, spoke to the group, encouraging them to greater endeavour.

The members of the club are:

M. C. MacEwan (President).

L. Bridge (Secretary).

J. Alexander (Treasurer).

J. Bell, C. Carson, W. Collings, J. Diver, J. Fish, J. Ghesquiere, R. Gregson, G. Haycock, V. Harvey, E. Heckford, W. Heckford, W. Hoyle, S. Jones, E. Moon, W. Moon, J. Maldekis, D. McKenny, A. Nahr, D. Richards, L. Rokeby, B. Sandor, K. Sandor, E. Sergeant, E. Slama, M. Stroud, V. Vance, Z. Varga, B. Lambert, R. Jones, M. Jones.

Mary Claire MacEwan,
Spec. Comm.

—o—

Grade 11 Form Party

On February 13, 1951, a carefully planned party took place. It was started by skating at the arena and from there we went to the High School for dancing and a bite to eat. Mr. Sinclair taught us some new dances that really caught on fast. Mr. Harden played the piano for square-dancing while Miss Rock called off. There was just one thing wrong — there was an acute shortage of males!

A good time was had by all.

Marian Jones, XI-A.

PUBLIC SPEAKING WINNERS

J. Ghesquire, R. Gregson, M. Moore, J. Augustine.
Absent: Z. Varga.

The Public Speaking Club

The Public Speaking Club of the T.D.H.S. is composed of many members whose objectives are to improve their speaking ability. With Mary Claire MacEwan as president, Lorraine Bridge as secretary, and Miss Ostrander, Miss McIntosh, and Mr. Dicks as advisors, the activities are very interesting.

Last fall a debate was given, the resolution being "Resolved that town life is preferable to country life". Jack Bell was the negative side's leader, and Corinne Carson was the leader of the affirmative side. The negative side won. Impromptu speeches were given, and the club was instructed on the correct way to give a speech. After Christmas another debate was held, the resolution being "Final exams should be abolished". Ann Dean was the leader of the affirmative side and Richard Jones was the leader of the negative side. The affirmative side won.

In the public speaking finals held in the auditorium on April 23rd, 1951, the winners were: Senior girls, Jenny Ghesquire; senior boys, Richard Gregson; junior girls, Marianne Moore; junior boys, John Augustine and Zoli Varga (tied). The judges were Miss Ostrander, Mrs. Dunbar, and Mr. Dicks.

Janice Diver, XB.

The Puppet Club

The puppeteers have been busy this term preparing for their annual spring show on May 4. They are presenting a new play this year, "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp." Also, there will be individual numbers, such as a clown, a roller-skating bear, a ballerina, and the return of Paderweski, the musician.

Much time and effort is required to make and dress our puppets, write our own scripts, and stage the play. (Many thanks are extended to the Art Club for painting the scenery.)

In the Christmas assembly, the students and staff were wished a Merry Christmas by a fat little puppet, Santa Claus, made and operated by Ruth Hawkins, and given vocal cords by Steve Mayorcsak.

The present personnel of the Puppet Club is Ruth Hawkins, President, Elizabeth Gibson, Vice-President, Betty Burn, Secretary-Treasurer, Evelyn Tondreau, Dorothy Weeks, Mary Mason, Gloria Haycock, Peggy Atkinson, Marilyn Chilton, Donald Pratt, and Peter Gibson. Miss Grieve is our most capable and patient director.

Ruth Hawkins, XIIC.

Art Club

The major part of this year's activities was spent experimenting with all the new art equipment. The members, before Christmas, worked their little fingers to the bone with linoleum blocks and felt, endeavouring to fashion original Christmas cards. After the holidays, our guiding hand, Miss Field, suggested that a calendar be constructed, each working his month's design in the forementioned blocks, the object being to raise funds by selling same. However "tempus fugit" and the school year was rapidly dissolving. The project was not complete, so it was put on the shelf for next year. Scenery for the Music Revue and Puppet Club were painted and we also boast some posters to our credit.

Emily Slama, Jean Trickett (Secretary), John Generoux, Marianne Moore, Elaine Edworthy, Shirley Moody, Mary Trickett, Donna Humphrey, Erlene Carson, Jean Scrimgeour, Margaret French (Director) are the members.

Margaret French.

T.D.H.S. Camera Club

The aim of this club is to aid and benefit, by mutual co-operation of those in the Tillsonburg District High School.

Mr. Tulloch, head of the Camera Club, called the first meeting. The members were elected as follows: Chairman, Leonard Libitz; President, Ken Ross; Vice-President, Kerene Kelly; Secretary, Donna Franklin.

After the resignation of Ken Ross, members elected George Buckrell to take over the president's duties. The Board of Directors consists of Helen Katona, Rose Marie Vandergunst, Dorothy Gasgeon, Mildred Sandham, and June Hetherington.

Upon completion of the dark room by George Buckrell, the Board carried out the schedule following:

(1) Tuesday—regular meeting
(2) Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday
    (a) Dark room
    (b) Discussion of Camera
    (c) Taking pictures

On Tuesday, the club has a discussion on accomplished work or else lectures on photography. The dark room is not allowed to be used on these meeting dates. During the remainder of the week, the first group is in the dark room where demonstrations of equipment are shown. Our instructors, Mr. Tulloch and Leonard Libitz, also demonstrate developing and printing, after which the members are allowed to try for themselves.

The second group, in room 22, discusses camera parts and light fixtures. With the help of Ken Ross, the puzzled members are soon enlightened about the mystery of the camera and the efforts of proper lighting.

The third group, also in room 22, discusses the taking of pictures on angles for interesting and comical results.

Since the starting of the Camera Club, many students, members and others, carry a camera with them at all times, taking pictures of basketball games, school grounds, classrooms, etc. Because of the Camera Club, more opportunities are now available to everyone interested in photography. The picture is snapped, developed and printed here at the school.

Any person interested may join the

Camera Club. We are sure that you will find it worth your while. Many people, starting out as amateur photographers, have turned their knowledge of the camera into a successful occupation.

Our thanks and appreciation to Mr. Tulloch for his patience and guidance, his interest in the progress of each member, and for the many opportunities he has given us. We wish to give our thanks also, to the High School Board and the Students' Council for their offered assistance in our financial department.

Helen Katona,
Board of Directors.

CAMERA CLUB

D. Franklin, G. Buckrell, Mr. Tullock, L. Libitz, H. Katona.

Stamp-Collecting In T.D.H.S.

Since last year, stamp-collecting in the school has been greatly improved. The Stamp Club has a membership of twelve. The President is Douglas Dutton, the Secretary is George Ketchabaw, and the Treasurer is David Jarrett. The other members are Marilyn Cosyns, Arthur Fletcher, Margaret Glover, Harold Kipp, Linda Lounsbury, James Milton, Laura Campbell, Larry Stiers, and Clare Dennis.

The Stamp Club enjoys the benefits of two weekly stamp magazines and a stamp catalogue. Stamps are being sent in by a stamp company in London. The club meets every Tuesday.

Anyone interested in stamp-collecting is cordially invited to come to the meetings.

Douglas Dutton, X-A.

First Assembly

On Friday afternoon, November 24th, the Students' Council presented their first assembly. The assembly was opened by President Gary Miller and Principal W. P. Kirkwood. Then the Junior Glee Club, in its first appearance, gave a beautiful rendition of "Bonnie Charlie," under the leadership of Mr. Harden.

The main attraction was a play, "Georgie-Porgie," by James Reach, presented by the Drama Club. This is the first work presented by the Drama Club, and what they did shows that Katherine Cornell and the Barrymore family had better look to their laurels!

The play, "Georgie-Porgie," with Richard Gregson in the title role, concerned the trials and tribulations of a young boy and his family. His harassed mother, Mrs. Spinnit, was very well played by Mary Claire MacEwan. Maybelle Thompson was Tessie, the maid, complete with black face, southern accent and all. Georgie's man-of-the-world brother, Todd, was played by Wally Hoyle, while his two sisters, sweet Millie and grasping Dorothea, were played by Kathleen Sandor and Mary Jean Crosby respectively. Richard Jones was Hugh Cameron, the debonair military academy student, who at first was blinded by Dorothea's worldliness, but returned to shy and quiet Millie after Georgie had explained all! Mamie, the out-of-town cousin whom nobody wanted to take to the dance because all they remembered of her was "teeth," was played by Jennie Ghesquiere.

The whole cast performed their parts professionally, and the students are certainly looking forward to another display of talent such as this one.

Directors were Miss Ostrander, Mrs. Dunbar and Mr. Dicks. Ann Dean and Joan Wellman were in charge of make-up.

Lorene Bridge, Spec. Comm.

Thanks, Jerry!

The **Tatler** staff extend special thanks to Mr. Mansfield, head caretaker of T.D.H.S., for the time and interest he has expended in taking all the group photographs in this year's book.

OPENING DAY IN THE CAFETERIA

J. Nowell, R. Monk, J. Stilwell, M. Dawson, I. Buskiewicz, S. Bell.

Rev. Fr. O'Neill, H. A. Ostrander, H. F. Johnston, W. P. Kirkwood.

Grade Thirteen Assembly

On January 12th, Grade XIII was in charge of the assembly which was held in the gym at 3:20.

Vickie Vance acted as the announcer and opened the assembly with "O Canada," followed by the "Lord's Prayer." Announcements were then made concerning contributions to the "Tatler."

The new studio grand piano made its debut in this first assembly of 1951 and "Nola" was so skillfully played by Joyce Hustler that an encore was necessary.

A skit entitled "Algebra Class in Grade XIII" garnered much applause, because it was so far from the truth.

Mr. Reid started a short Pep Rally with a speech on good sportsmanship. The cheer leaders made their appearance, and very capably, as always, led the brushing-up of a few of the cheers in anticipation of the game that night.

Another skit by XIII, "The Sleeping Beauty," was received with great pleasure. All of the cast played their roles like professionals and Mr. Taylor was no exception.

The assembly was then closed with "God Save the King."

Lorene Bridge, Spec. Comm.

Christmas Assembly

Our Christmas Assembly was held on December 15th in the gym. It was opened with the singing of "O Canada," followed by the "Lord's Prayer." Mr. Kirkwood made his announcements which included praise for the students in taking pride in our new school and the way in which everyone had taken care of it.

For a change the girls had a job, collecting the song sheets. The ever-faithful boys have, assembly after assembly, week after week, month after month, year after year, put away the chairs.

President of the Boys' Athletic Society, Dave Richards, urged that everyone come to the Athletic Nite put on by the boys. (I wonder if Dave ever did find out how to say Success!!!)

A sing-song was led by Mr. Harden, and many Christmas Carols were sung, with the boys in very good voice!

Santa Claus in a very miniature size, as an emissary from the Puppet Club, made a visit, and Steve was pretty good, wasn't he?

Gary spoke on behalf of the students in wishing the staff a Merry Christmas, thanked Joyce Hustler, who was kind enough to play the accompaniments, and Mr. Harden who had the patience to lead us during the sing-song.

Lorene Bridge, Spec. Comm.

Grade Twelve Assembly

On Friday, February 2nd, the students and staff of our dear old Alma Mater had the opportunity of watching some of the most renowned artists in this district—that's right, it must have been Grade XII!!!

The master of ceremonies for the occasion was none other than Mr. Steve Mayorscak who did a wonderful job of it.

The assembly was opened with the singing of "O Canada," followed by the "Lord's Prayer." Betty Burn read the Scripture. The students were then welcomed officially to the assembly by Steve! Mr. Kirkwood made a few announcements concerning the Basketball games, and encouraged more to come out and support our teams. He also congratulated our cheer leaders who really have shown a wonderful display of hard work on their part in learning those cheers.

The first item on that Friday's agenda was a play, written especially for the occasion by Kathleen Sandor, entitled "A Day at the Dentist's." The role of the dentist was very capably filled by George Leatherdale (even though he didn't know what he was doing). Others in the cast were Laurel Agur, Gloria Haycock, Dave Richards, Verne Harvey, Cyril Wilkinson, Peter Gibson, Noel Mason, and Tibi Varga.

Our only twins in fourth form, the Cooper twins, or, Muriel and Marg., played a piano duet which everyone enjoyed. They played so well, that everyone thought it would be impossible to rival them, but after the comments by Steve concerning the next presentation, we began to wonder who it was that deserved such an introduction. We soon found out! Bond Truefitt and Clifton Ronson certainly can play "Chop Sticks," can't they? By the way, I wonder if they are still up on the stage bowing.

After listening to the great rendition of Chop Sticks, we turned our listening ear to the sweet melody of "Show Me the Way to Go Home," sung by Gloria Haycock, Shirley Tait, Maybelle Thomson and Kathleen Sandor. They certainly did look like little girls, complete with teddy bears and hair bows.

We were then favoured with a joke told by Steve. The first time we laughed just to be sociable. The second time, after Steve had conferred with Mr. Reid (the originator) we found out what we had laughed at the time before.

Of course, the best is always saved until the last, and this assembly was no exception, for the next spectacle which passed before our eyes was a chorus line of the six most beautiful pairs of legs ever to be shown in public. The chorus line consisted of David Richards, John Alexander, Bill Franklin, George Leatherdale, Bill Hilliker, and Mike Hozer.

The assembly was closed with "God Save the King."

Lorene Bridge.

Grade Twelve "C" and Eleven "C" Assembly

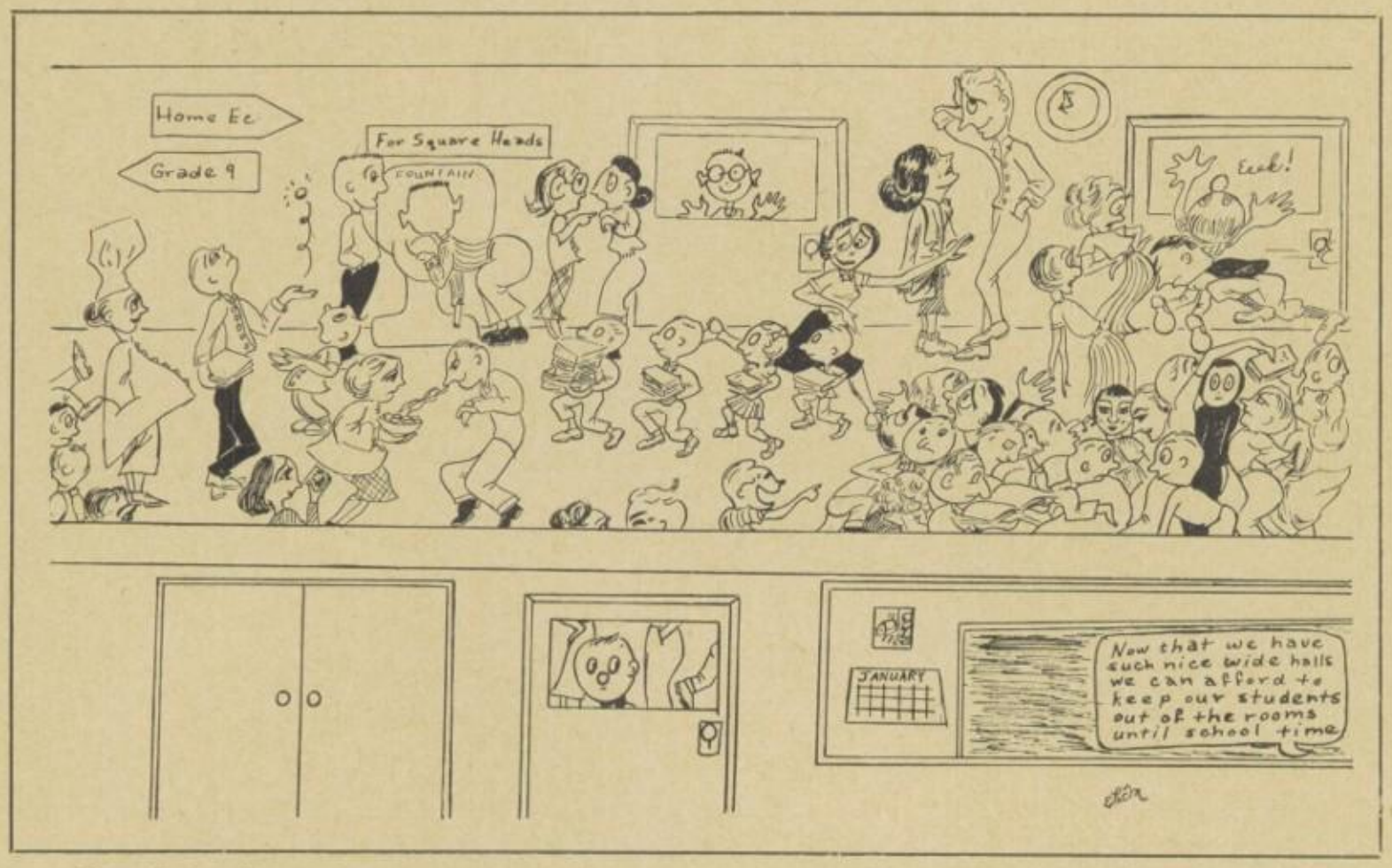
On Friday, February 16th, an assembly was put on by grades XII-C and XI-C. It was opened with the singing of "O Canada," followed by "The Lord's Prayer." Betty Ann Ewerth read the Scripture.

The mistress of ceremonies for the great occasion was Miss Joyce Hibbert of Special Commercial. She announced that the first presentation would be a play entitled, "What Happens To Special Commercial Students When They Leave School," explaining that any resemblance between events and reality, in the play, would be purely coincidental—and it is a good thing, or we might never get a job! The cast included Jacqueline McDonald, Ruth Hawkins, Margaret French, Jean Scrimgeour, Pat Boughner, Jean Smith, Dorothy Weeks, Joan Wellman, Lorene Bridge, Lloyd Rodgers, Don Peacock, and Carl Wilson. The play was written by Edith Moon and Joyce Hibbert, and directed by Lois Law.

Between the first and second acts of the production mentioned above, the audience was favored with a magnificent rendition of "You Are My Sunshine," sung by a quartet from XI-C, composed of Jane McQueen, Bob Claringbold, Marcel Verscheure, and Yvonne Burnett, complete with a ukelele. Arthur Godfrey could not have done any better!

From the wild west, the audience was taken to Indianapolis to hear an impersonation, by Lloyd Rodgers, of Mel Allen broadcasting from the "Indianapolis Speedway," complete with sound effects.

Just to be different, the Specialists and XI-C decided to have the assembly over by


Home Ec
Grade 9
For Square Heads
FOUNTAIN
Eek!
JANUARY
Now that we have such nice wide halls we can afford to keep our students out of the rooms until school time

First Prize Cartoon

Edith Moon, XIIC

four o'clock **for a change,** but they were so emphatic about the idea that it was over a little too soon! The mistress of ceremonies solved the problem in no time by giving an unrehearsed satire on Penmanship class as seen by the Commercialists. I wonder if she has got the pen pointing to her shoulder yet?

Lorene Bridge, Spec. Comm.

Banff-Bound!

Once again T.D.H.S. has been honoured by having one of our boys selected to help represent Western Ontario at the special Cadet camp at Banff on July 19, 1951. Congratulations are extended to Paul Jackson, of Straffordville, who was selected by army area headquarters in London, because of his athletic, scholastic and leadership ability, to be one of the sixteen boys from this district to join one hundred and fifty cadets on a month's course highlighting outdoor crafts. Paul leaves, on July 9, for Camp Ipperwash for a refresher course, and then it is "westward ho!"

We, Too, Work

On behalf of the Commercial Class of 50-51, I am writing this to clear up a few unfounded facts concerning the Commercial Specialists.

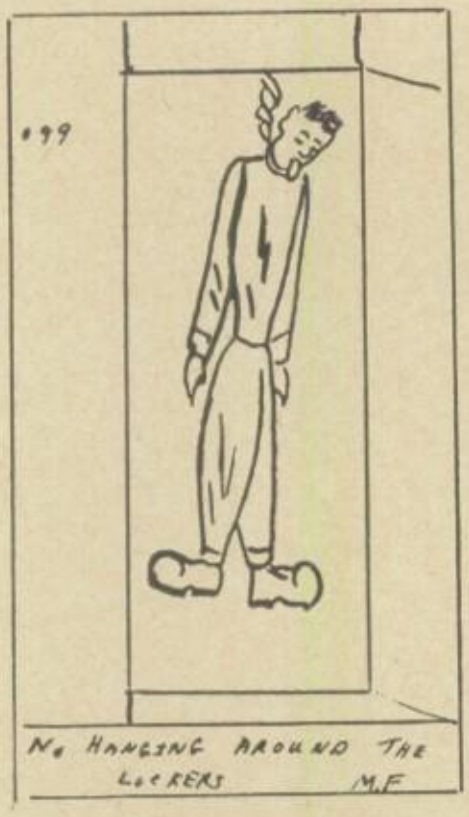
First of all, we DO have home-work. I would like that fact established at the very first. True, we do not have French verbs or Latin roots to contend with, but those of you who have seen a sample of Shorthand, have probably noted the marked resemblance it has toward Greek writing.

For those of you who lament over the amount of English you do, we can only point to our text of one inch thickness and lament also.

You claim you have both English Grammar and English Composition. So do we. Half our English periods are devoted to writing sample letters applying for jobs, asking for information, etc., and the other half are devoted to tearing them apart. We, just as you do, hate the sound of that expression "Sentence Structure".

Most of you also believe that all we have to do is learn how to write shorthand and type. So did I. Then I found we had to

Continued on Page 67



Second Prize Cartoon—Margaret French

The Terrazzo Echo

On bright day in February, the students flocked into the foyer to purchase the first copy of our school's experimental monthly paper, "The Terrazzo Echo." The three-page mimeographed sheet sold like the proverbial "hot-cakes" for the moderate sum of five cents. Attractively arranged in double columns on foolscap, the "Echo" contained numerous jokes collected by Lorna Tupper, and Aldona Vasiliunas; form news reported by Kathleen Sandor, Mary Mason, and Lorene Bridge; a gossip column edited by "Gip and Gop"; a hilarous account of P.T. dance classes by Ann Dean, aptly entitled "Ball-room Bouncing"; and the general sports picture for February as recorded by Bill Franklin, Wallace Hoyle, and Joyce Hibbert.

The person responsible for prodding the students for material, and then whipping that material into printable copy is Maybelle Thompson, and we wish to congratulate Maybelle for a job well-done. With ample assurance (in the form of cash sales!) that such a monthly paper would be well-received by the students, there can be no doubt that if the paper is printed regularly next year, it should prove a profitable, as well as informative projct.

Jean Scrimgeour.

Grade XI Skating Party

On February 13, approximately seventy-five students of Grade XI, with Mr. Alexander and Mr. Harden, met at the arena at eight o'clock for an hour of skating. Miss Rock, Mr. Kirkwood, Mr. Sinclair and the night janitorial staff remained at the school to receive the casualties.

At nine o'clock all (well, nearly!) climbed into cars bulging at the seams and rode to the school. Some ambitious students, however, walked to the school. (That sounds better than saying that they didn't get a ride!)

Inside the school all congregated in the auditorium for an hour of dancing. To recorded music couples glided about the floor in a waltz or engaged in more strenuous forms of the terpsichorean art; round dances, polkas, shoe dances, tag dances, or Paul Jones dances.

Miss Rock and Mr. Sinclair gave a fine display of how to dance the Rye Waltz, accompanied at the piano by Mr. Harden, and Edwina Heckford's special dance provided many laughs.

For lunch "Heckford's Delicious Doughnuts" were served with chocolate milk. The lunch, we may add, was by no means "light."

After a few more dances it was "lights out" and home to bed . . . or to our homework!

All were agreed that the success of the party was the result of the efficiency of the committee in charge, A. Howes, S. Eichenberg, J. McQueen, S. Jones, R. Mason, W. Popham, R. Claringbold and P. Jackson.

Shirley Jones, XIB.

THE HERO

She stood there, oh, so beautiful!
Her eyes with radiance beamed.
Her movements were so graceful.
How easy it now seemed
To walk across and ask her
To dance with him this time.

With courage in his footsteps,
He strode across the floor.
This boldest of grade niners
Had victory at his door.

A. Williams, XA.

QUEEN OF THE BALL

"The At Home"

A spectacular and memorable evening, February 23rd, will be ever remembered by those who attended or took part in this year's "At Home."

The beautiful school gymnatorium was attractively and skillfully decorated to represent a flower garden. Highest praise should be given to Edith Moon, who undertook the task of decorating the stream-lined gymnasium.

Upon entering, guests passed through a colorful rose arbor, and were welcomed by the receiving line, consisting of Dorothy Weeks, secretary of the Students' Council, Gary Miller, president of the Students' Council, Mr. and Mrs. Kirkwood, and Mr. and Mrs. Grant Brown.

One of the main events of the evening was the crowning of the queen. The girls of the graduating class of '51 were eligible to run for the title of queen. Friday morning, the vote was taken, but the results were not revealed until 11:30, Friday night, when everything was well under way. Mr. Kirkwood presented Her Royal Highness, Queen Margaret the First, with a beautiful bouquet of red roses, donated by Livingston House of Flowers. Lovely Margaret Howey was then crowned the T.D.H.S. queen for 1951, and her partner, Noel Mason, automatically became Prince Consort.

The "At Home" was definitely one of the most glamorous affairs of the year. With the heavenly music supplied by Johnny Downs, and his orchestra, the gay decorations, the gorgeous gowns, the beautiful flowers, and, of course, the handsome escorts, it is not surprising to discover that the 1951 "At Home" was a great success!

Gloria Haycock, XII-A.

Tillsonburg Mosaic

Grade 13 students of T.D.H.S. presented an interesting program in the gymnasium Thursday entitled "Tillsonburg Mosaic."

The master of ceremonies was Gary Miller and during the afternoon, students told how each nationality in Tillsonburg contributed to the welfare of the community. Several students urged the need for more co-operation with new immigrants. Charles Baldwin spoke about American settlers; Ena Bradfield, Lower Canada; Donald Lee, Ireland; Georgette Gilbert, Isle of Man; Joyce Hustler, England; Betty Gray, Holland; Doug. Eckel, Belgium; Anne Dean, France, and Walter Berko and Richard Jones, Poland.

Other speakers were Eileen Brown, Ramona Kisielis, George Gyulveszi, Margaret Howey, Maxine Sanderson and Shirley Steele. Introducing the speakers were Lucille Monk, J. Chambers, Elizabeth Simmons, Agnes Thurston, Marion Swanze and Jack Tanner. Miss M. McIntosh directed the program.

Gregson Goes To Ottawa

The Rotary Club of Ottawa is sponsoring, for the first time, a new project in citizenship. To carry out this plan, Rotary Clubs from all over Canada are to select one boy, or girl from high school to travel to Ottawa, all expenses paid, to make a tour of that city's sights, such as the Parliament buildings, and historical sites located in or around Ottawa. The trip lasts from May 21 to May 24, and in that time, the students so chosen will follow a carefully planned schedule of events arranged by the Rotary Club of that city. To participate in this new experiment in citizenship, the Rotary Club, in conjunction with staff members, have chosen Richard Gregson of Grade XI. Dick will be an excellent representative of our school and should be able to recount some very interesting facts about our country's capital when he returns, especially with his flair for public speaking.

Music

Edited by
GERALD WEBSTER, XIIB

SENIOR AND JUNIOR GLEE CLUBS

T.D.H.S. Revue

Enthusiastic students presented a varied musical programme, under the capable direction of Mr. Harden, to an appreciative, capacity audience on the evening of March 9th, 1951.

For the opening part of the programme, the Junior and Senior Glee Clubs presented, in typical costumes, well-known "Gay Nineties" numbers. Highlights of "Strolling Through the Park", "Bicycle Built For Two", and "No, No, A Thousand Times No", were pantomimed by Shirley Jones, Dick Gregson, Vickie Vance, Steve Mayorcsak, Lois Law, Russ Mannell, George Gyulveszi, Kathleen Sandor, and Gerald Webster, assisted by part of the Junior Glee Club.

A spirited version of the Can-Can Dance to the music of "Ta, Rah, Rah, Boom, Dee-Aye", was performed by Vicki Vance, Edith Moon, Lois Butcher, Maxine Sanderson, Jean Anderson, Marian Jean Pearce, Mary Elizabeth McLeod, and Winnifred Collings.

After a hectic few minutes of rapid costume changes, the Senior Glee Club presented a number of sacred hymns.

The remainder of the programme was taken over by the "Black-Faced Marauders", who presented a minstrel show. Current hits, such as "So Long, It's Been Good to Know You", "The Thing", and "The Roving Kind", negro spirituals, such as "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot", and old-time songs were enacted. Comedy was supplied by "Mr. Beans", Charles Baldwin, "Mr. Bones", Mr. Reid, and "Mr. Interlocutor", Steve Mayorcsak.

Margaret Cooper, XIIA.

Glee Club Practice

While wandering down the spacious upper halls of T.D.H.S., one Tuesday afternoon at three-twenty, I suddenly stopped, and, lured by angelic singing, made my way to room thirty-three, half expecting Saint Peter to greet me at the door. Alas, instead of meeting that worthy gentleman with his halo, I was confronted by Mr. Harden, with his baton, and was ushered into the room "post-haste."

Thirty or forty senior students, relaxing after their first effort, were reclining in various weird positions. Tripping over the feet of one relaxed "alto", I picked myself up and made my way to the "soprano" sec-

T.D.H.S. ORCHESTRA

Standing: J. Louch, L. Louch, D. Hutchison, R. Cattell, J. Popham, W. Popham.
Seated: W. Hilliker, N. Mason, J. Jones, J. Hustler.
Absent: E. Gibson, D. Sherman, L. Claringbold.

tion were I found an empty chair. I had just made myself comfortable when Mr. Harden rapped sharply on his desk with his baton for attention. Immediately, all gum and peanuts disappeared. All conversation stopped, students sat erect, and frantically searched through their music for the right place.

The room was hushed. The baton was raised. The pianist was tense. All eyes were fixed on Mr. Harden.

With a downward sweep of the baton, music suddenly swelled forth, and the Senior Glee Club was once more off to a good start.

Kerene Kelly, XIIB.

Our New Piano

We finally have a real piano. It is nothing like the one we always used to pound in the gym. of the old school, hoping to wring a few feeble notes from its reluctant keys. That "old girl" has seen her day, and is used only for square dancing, etc., now!

Our new piano is called a "studio grand," which is larger than a "baby grand" but not as large as a "concert grand." The piano is to be used only for concert purposes, and it is not allowed for "just anyone" to fiddle on it. The school has learned from experience that you cannot keep a piano in good condition if everyone and his dog plays on it.

The piano has been completely rebuilt, with many new parts, and all the old parts cleaned up. The keys have been thoroughly overhauled, to the point where they actually glisten!

The piano is jointly owned by the High School and the Tillsonburg Concert Association. The purchase of this instrument was due mostly to the efforts of the School Board, and the Concert Association. Mr. Harden and Mrs. Walter Gibson went to

Anthony's Music Store in St. Thomas a number of times to see about a piano, and finally they came to the conclusion that this piano would be the best buy. Thus, for $975.00, this instrument was purchased to enhance the cultural functions of the school.

A special set of rollers for the moving of the piano are attached, and there is also a special cover to keep the finish in good condition.

Since the piano has found its home in T.D.H.S., it has been used on several occasions. Joyce Hustler played it at one of our first assemblies, and, at the assembly fourth form presented, the piano was used for the memorable performance of "Chopsticks," by Bond Truefitt and Clifton Ronson. It is hoped that the piano will have an easier life than the old one, but it is also hoped that the school and the community as a whole, will reap great benefit from this fine instrument, as well as real enjoyment.

Let's see if this new addition to our school's cultural equipment won't prompt some person with hidden talent to unveil his prowess by the temptation of being allowed to perform on our wonderful new piano.

Gerald Webster, XIIB.

Concert Culture

According to an old saying, "Music soothes the savage breast." If this saying be true, there have been many savages soothed in Tillsonburg by the concerts put on by the Tillsonburg Concert Association this season.

I am sure that those who attended the last season's concerts and have done so again this season will agree that this association has continued to put on concerts that have appealed to the tastes of their varied audiences. High School students were urged by their teachers to purchase tickets and a larger number of students were found in the audience this year.

Concert-goers were very enthusiastic over the first concert of November the first. The performers, Mary Alice Rodgers, soprano; Mary McDonald, pianist; Mario De Soto, violinist; and Arthur Scloter, baritone, put on a brilliant programme.

The Leslie Bell Singers, the artists of the second concert, needed no introduction, as most of the audience was familiar with their beautifully blending voices through their Sunday night broadcasts.

The concert scheduled for February the twenty-first brought two well-known and accomplished pianists to Tillsonburg; Margaret Parsons and Clifford Poole. This husband and wife team gave an outstanding performance.

On March the fourteenth, the "Four Gentlemen" from Studio A, with Miss Mary Syme as accompanist, were brought into the limelight. I am sure that those of us who had heard them over the radio had our anticipations filled beyond any of our expectations.

Last, but certainly not least, was the concert scheduled for April the nineteenth. This concert featured the London Civic Symphony under the leadership of Martin Boundy. Their programme last year was an outstanding success, and the large audience welcoming them again this year would seem to indicate a similar triumph.

Kerene Kelly, XIIB.

Betty Grey, XIIC

Musical Milestones of '50, and '51

Will these years be remembered as progressive or regressive in musical composition, or will they be known for their famous revival songs? Only future readers will be able to decide this issue.

Looking over last year's "hit" tunes, certain songs stand out in my mind. All types of music are popular now, and no one can afford to be prejudiced in favour of any one particular class of music. There are jazz, classical, dixieland, western, dance, and children's songs, all to be found at the nearest record shop. There are also songs

which come under no particular classification, such as "Manhattan Towers," and Leslie Baxter's "Perfume Set To Music."

On the other hand these songs are sung in many different ways. There are artists who perform by using the music as it was originally composed, such as Jo Stafford, Gordon Macrae, or band leaders such as Charlie Spivak. There are also musicians, singers particularly, who improvise as they go along, such as Sarah Vaughan, Billy Eckstine, or George Shearing; whereas an entirely new conception of how a song should be sung has been introduced by Peruvian Yma Sumac.

The modern trend is toward western songs with a romantic flavour, such as "I'll Never Be Free," "I'm Movin' On," and "That Lovebug Itch," by such recording artists as Tennessee Ernie, and Kay Starr, and the Singing Ranger. The western fan may well have become a classical enthusiast also, as evidenced by the rapid rise to fame of Mario Lanza and Jane Powell.

Strange are these lovers of music who will buy the record of "I Taut I Taw a Putty Tat," by Mel Blanc, along with Chopin's "Etude in E Major."

Songs which came to the fore in last year's hit parade are "Sam's Song," introducing young Gary Crosby to the listening public, and backed by "Simple Melody"; "Thinking of You," helped along its road to popularity by the new singing stars Don Cherry, and Eddie Fisher; "Bring Back the Thrill" by the latter; "It Isn't Fair" by Don Cornell, backed by Sammy Kay's "Swing and Sway" rhythm; "No Other Love" (Etude in E Major) recorded by Jo Stafford; "My Heart Cries For You," supposedly composed by Marie Antoinette. "If," aptly sung by Perry Como, has risen in fame here as in England.

The sudden rise of "The Three Bells" and "It Is No Secret" has lent a religious note to the parade of hits.

Besides the juke-box favorites, many collector's items have been recorded. "When You're Smiling," "I Get a Kick Out of You," and "Too Marvelous For Words," by the new jazz sensation, Billy Daniels, top this list, together with Freddy Gardiner's haunting "I'm in the Mood for Love," "Body and Soul," and "I Only Have Eyes For You."

Another album for the record gallery is 1938 Jazz Concert," recorded from jazz concerts at Carnegie Hall. Some of the artists featured are Benny Goodman, Harry James, Count Basie, Gene Krupa, and Lionel Hampton. Songs included were "Blue Room," "Blue Skies," and "China Boy."

Many of these tunes will fade from memory with never a trace of their passing, but some will live on in the music hall of fame.

Elizabeth Simmons, XIII.

COMMENCEMENT

Continued from Page 25

Science—Richard Rokeby; Art—Edward Gibson; Public Speaking—Joyce Hibbert.

Athletic Awards—Girls' champions: Senior, Nancy Warren; Intermediate, Mary Elizabeth McLeod; Junior, Sheila Rokeby; Juvenile, Chere Dreyer. Boys' champions: Senior, George Gyulveszi and Gary Miller; Intermediate, Dave Richards; Junior, Irving Horton; Juvenile, Douglas Vallee and Frank Manning. TINDA girls' champions: Senior, Nancy Warren; Intermediate, Mary Elizabeth McLeod; TINDA boys' champions: Intermediate, Dave Richards; Junior, Irving Horton.

D.C.R.A. Crests for Marksmanship — Strathcona best shot, D.C.R.A. 2nd class: James Jones; D.C.R.A. 2nd class: Jack Tanner, Bob Mason, Lloyd Rodgers, Gordon Fentie, Noel Mason, George Gyulveszi, Dave Richards, Bob Heckadon, Walter Berko.

Oratorical Prizes—Senior Girls', Joyce Hibbert; Junior Girls', Corinne Carson; Senior Boys', Richard Jones; Junior Boys', Richard Gregson.

Jacqueline McDonald, Spec. Comm.

Poetry

Edited by
MARY CLAIRE MacEWAN

PROSPECT

(First Prize Serious-Imaginative Poem)

The sand lies low in yon great glass, and e'en
As men prepare anew to chart their course
In peace, o'er far horizons, with remorse,
They hear the drums of strife, their source unseen.
Begot of troubled times the new year comes—
Is ushered in by selfishness and greed;
The way e'erclouded grows, and direst need
Of guidance reappears . . . the old succumbs.
But now with moments pure and infinite,
They, on the threshold of disaster's cleft,
May purge the past and start, once more, aright
To set the world; of righteousness bereft
And ignorant are they; but, ere the night,
May greed outgrown be, and peace be left!

Richard Jones, XIII.

MOON DANCE

(Second Prize Serious-Imaginative Poem)

"The Indian lore"
They say, "is a bore",
But I have discovered
What others uncovered.
Your wish is allowed
If this be followed.

When the star's a red hue
And the moon's a deep blue,
Then walk just one pace
From the maple tree's face,
And dance the moon dance
And sing Indian chants.
Hop round the bright fire,
Leap higher and higher.
Make four twists around . . .
Then down on the ground!!

On a stone I did stumble
And oh, I did tumble!
Look how the moon laughs
At me on the grass!

Edith Moon, XII.

SUCCESS

(With Apologies to Kipling)
(First Prize Humorous Poem)

If you can rise up early in the morning,
And breathe in guests of winter's frosty air;
If you can reach the school ten minutes early,
And settle down to work when you get there;
If you can brave the fiery heat of summer,
Forgetting baseball games and swimming-pool,
And always sit in solemn concentration,
You'll be the pride and wonder of the school.

If you can forge ahead when all around you
Examinations' clutching fingers loom,
If you can show a sage's keenest wisdom
Though others sit in ignorance and gloom:
Repeating oft the cry, "I'll do or die,"
You'll some day be a travelling magnate,
And we will stand and watch your train go by!

Mary Mason, XA.

THE VIGIL

(Honourable Mention Humorous Poem)

The hour is late, but still I sit.
I strive to sew, to read, to knit.
The hour is late, the stillness deep.
How I long to go to sleep!

But still I must my vgiil keep,
I have no time just now, for sleep.
The phone then rings—I hurry there.
"They've gone out, I don't know where."

The radio plays with soft entice.
To go to sleep would be so nice.
If I should sleep, my eyes should close,
Something would happen Goodness knows!

I sit up straight, "Was that a cry?
I guess not." How I sigh.
Once more I resume my knitting,
It's so boring, "baby-sitting"!

Margaret French, Spec. Comm.

THE TRAVELLING SALESMAN

(Second Prize Humorous Poem)

Of all the people you chance to meet,
On a country road or a city street,
There's none you'd rather see more less,
Than a travelling salesman, I would guess!

Though he isn't wanted, has nothing to say,
That man will come any time of the day.
His welcome he knows without any doubt,
If he ever gets in, you'll not get him **out**!

With polite little knock, he stands at your door,
Piled to the head with gadgets galore.
The part of the face that at first you see,
Is the broadest smile that ever could be.

"Good morning, ma'am, and how do you do?
I've something here that'll interest you.
Now I'll just be a minute, if you'll let me in,
I tell you this bargain just won't come agin!"

"No thanks", say you, with a quick reply,
But the infernal man has now slipped by.
All over your table, your chairs and your floor,
He's piled his stuff and is unloading more.

To his story there comes no earthly end,
For such a fiend will never mend.
He insists, he argues, he sells if he can,
Always the way of a travelling salesman!

Josephine Knautz, XIA.

LIFE ON A TRAVERS' BUS

(Second Prize School Life Poem)

Morning and night we gather together,
On a Travers' bus, in all kinds of weather.
We greet the driver with the usual eye,
To the rest of the kids, we just holler "Hi!"

Everyone runs for his favourite nook,
To discuss the exams or the thrilling new book,
A boy with a girl, the usual sight,
To secure a date for a show that night.

The air is full of humour and wit.
We could be old-fashioned and solemnly sit,
But myriad are the tricks that we play,
Lunch pails are hidden, and gloves stowed away.

So goes our life, day after day,
With the jolts, the bumps, and the terrible sway.
Although our pranks are often quite daring,
The bus driver says he's really past caring.

Eleanor Lee, XB.

THE STATUE

(Honourable Mention School Life Poem)

All day on the window-sill he rests,
With bony knee and sunken chest,
His head bowed low, his hand on knee
But who is this? What a mystery!

His skin is plaster, his hair is, too.
He's not at all like me or you.
He doesn't breathe and he doesn't eat,
And I've never seen him stand on his feet.

He just sits there in the nice warm sun,
While down below the kiddies run.
He soaks in the heat from the radiator,
Who? Our "Dying Gladiator".

He is Miss Grieve's own pride and joy.
She handles him as a child a toy.
She dusts him, cleans him, keeps him trim;
But not a whisper of thanks from him!

He just sits there and takes on dust.
He must be old, I'm sure he must,
But he just sits there all day, at rest,
With bony knee and sunken chest.

Bond Truefitt, XIIB.

TRANSCENDENCE

(Honourable Mention Serious Poem)

Stark against the fading blush of summer's day,
Etched in lacy black upon the evening sky,
Leafage softly soughing in the twilight breeze,
Lithesome birches toss their branches high.

Shimmering moonlight creeping o'er the earth,
Bathes each silvery branch in mystery;
Turns to shining filigree each leaf,
Lending truth to birches' ghostly history.

Dawning light's first flush of bronze-like hue,
Gilds each trembling trunk to brightest gold:
Sunlight forms a nimbus round each crown,
Birches glorified as knights of old.

Jean Scrimgeour, XIIC.

CATCH THAT INK

The history teacher was about to say,
"Now Caesar was killed on that sad day,"
When, "Catch that ink!" was roared from the back.
Came a bellowing shout, and a loud ker-smack,
And blue-black ink oozed over the floor,
As bedlam reigned; there was shouting galore.
"Get Jerry!" Dicks yelled, "Hurry up, and run."
"Aw shucks!" said the boys, "We were just having fun."
The girls were angry as they laboriously toiled
To clean the dresses which the ink had soiled.
"Who dunnit?" Dicks roared, and his face turned red,
As the room fell silent with terror and dread.
"Me," squealed a wavering voice from the rear,
As Bob stood up, knees shaking with fear.
"See here," said Dicks, "We'll have no more;"
And the room fell silent as it was before.

Maurice DeKindt, XIA.

BURIED TREASURE

Many hundred years ago,
Ships that knew not ice or snow,
Stately galleons, burley men,
Sailed the seas, plundered then,
The southern world.

Ships, with rustic guns aboard,
Guarding jewels of pirate hoard,
Stacking all their worldly stores,
Sailed to verdant, palm-grove shores
Unknown to others.

Here they marked secluded spots
On their treasure maps as dots.
Swiftly with their course begun,
Sought bullion ships or gems or gum
To make life merry.

Usually they died, by fate,
Murdered by the mate's best mate,
He too died by a pirate's hand,
And likewise vanished from this band
Forever with his secret.

Robert MacLennan, XIA.

SCHOOL DAZE

I crawl out each morning
An hour before seven
And, oh! how I wish
I could wait till eleven.

To the bathtub I rush
For an icy cold shower,
That, somehow, helps me
To forget the hour.

My breakfast devoured
In a wild sort of flurry,
I, then, for my hat
Begin a mad scurry.

It's not in the hall!
It's not on the chairs!
Oh! now I remember,
I left it upstairs!

Here comes the bus!
You should see me run;
At least for this day—
The beginning is done.

Gwen Kneller, XD.

Girls' Fall Sports

Edited by
JOYCE HIBBERT, XIIC

ATHLETIC SOCIETY EXECUTIVE

A. Dean (Sec.), M. Howey (V.-Pres.), S. Tait (Pres.), P. Grey (Treas.).

TRACK AND FIELD WINNERS

Standing: S. Rokeby, C. Dreyer.
Seated: N. Warren, M. E. McLeod.

Field Day

At the T.D.H.S. Field Meet, the Red Team under Captain Angela Nichols was victorious with the highest total of points. Runner-up was the Blue Team, while the White and Black Teams were third and fourth respectively.

Individual Champions were:

Senior—Nancy Warren, 24 1/2 points; runner-up, Sharon Doyle, 16 points.

Intermediate—Mary Elizabeth McLeod, 17 1/3 points; runner-up, Laurel Agur, 11 points.

Junior—Sheila Rokeby, 15 points; runners-up, Shirley Jones, 10 points, Margaret Ann Glover, 10 points.

Juvenile—Chere Dreyer, 23 points; runner-up, Linda Lounsbury, 11 1/2 points.

TI.N.D.A. Meet at Aylmer

This year as before, Tillsonburg got the ribbons—another school got the Championship. This year it was Norwich who won the meet. Because of the heavy enrollment at our school, it was decided to divide our total number of points by eleven. As a result, we did lose the meet, but succeeded in capturing a few of the trophies, despite having to wade through the mushy mud and muddy water!

Winner of the coveted Senior Cup was our own Nancy Warren and Mary Elizabeth McLeod won the Intermediate Crown. Congratulations girls!

Volleyball

This year for the first time, Tillsonburg entered a Volleyball team in W.O.S.S.A. competition. There were also exhibition games with Aylmer and Simcoe.

To enter the W.O.S.S.A. games, the girls first had to oust Simcoe. This they did quite handily, in a two-out-of-three game series, taking the first two games by the scores of 35-9 and 40-6.

At London, they met Kitchener and Stratford, in a two-game elimination arrangement. By this method each school played two games, with a different school each time, and had to lose both games in order to be eliminated.

Tillsonburg lost both games, being defeated by Kitchener by the close score of 21-17, and by Stratford by 20-16.

M. Goegebuer, P. Maloney, S. Jones, D. McKenney, E. Moon, V. Vance, J. Allen, L. Law.

Cheerleaders' Dance

One Wednesday afternoon in November, at 2:30, the T.D.H.S. Cheerleaders held a dance in the gymnasium in order to raise money for new uniforms.

Admission to this gala affair was only 10c. During the dance, several students (mostly boys), dropped their odd change into a huge box that, by some coincidence, just happened to be sitting in the middle of the floor, with a large sign on it saying "DONATIONS": One could not help noticing this box, as those dancing were continually tripping over it!

The music was supplied by the new "disc jockey," ex-student Wray Rutledge, who is well-known to all.

Numerous spot dances were won, for which the lucky couples were awarded delightful prizes.

Towards the end of the dance, Mr. Reid presented the cheerleaders with $20 in cash, $10 from the Girls' Athletic Society, and $10 from the Boys' Athletic Society, to aid in purchasing new costumes, which were badly needed. The total amount amassed for this purpose was $60.

The dance was an unqualified success, and if you have any doubts, just take a look at the "slick" and original uniforms worn by the cheerleaders in their picture, appearing in this magazine.

Joan Wellman.

T.D.H.S. Girls' Cadet Corps, 1950

The T.D.H.S. girls made a spectacular showing as usual in their uniforms of black and white.

The competent leaders of "Company C" were: Commanding Officer, Marilyn Stilwell; Second in Command, Barbara Mason; Sergeant-Major, Joan Wellman; Staff Sergeant, Ruby Makins.

Of "Company D": Commanding Officer, Amelia Gerhardt; Second in Command, Jenny Denys; Sergeant Major, Vickie Vance; Staff Sergeant, Sally McQueen.

The lieutenants were: Georgette Demaiter, Mary Jean Crosby, Jean Smith, Lois Law, Marilyn Wellman, Mary Claire MacEwan, Edith Moon, Vivian Thompson.

The Sergeants were: Jean Anderson, Gloria Haycock, Shirley Tait, Dorothy Helsdon, Elizabeth Gibson, Jackie McDonald, Pat Boughner, Mabel Thompson.

The Precision Squad commanded by both Mary Jean Crosby and Georgette Demaiter made a splendid showing.

The other feature of the Girls' Cadets was the Gym Table headed by Amelia Gerhardt.

INTER-FORM WINNERS, XI

Back: A. Howes, M. E. McLeod, W. Collings, S. Eichenberg.

Front: A. Sloboda, F. Makins, E. Sergeant, S. Jones, J. Ghesquiere.

W.O.S.S.A. Basketball

This year the Senior Girls found themselves in one of the toughest groupings in this district, that of W.O.S.S.A. "A". This time they were competing against the three London schools, Beal Technical, London Central and Medway. Despite the much larger size of the London schools, the Merle Rock-coached Gophers did well for themselves, defeating Beal Tech and Medway each twice, and being nosed out of the W.O.S.S.A. play-offs by Central.

The wins and losses are as follows:

Medway ..... 30-14 for Tillsonburg
Central ..... 18-17 for Central
Beal Tech ..... 24-14 for Tillsonburg
Central ..... 20-16 for Central
Medway ..... 21-13 for Tillsonburg
Beal Tech ..... 32-20 for Tillsonburg

Senior Exhibition

In the Senior exhibition games the team continued their fine playing to tally up a total of seven wins, one loss and one tie in the nine games played.

Their record is as follows:

Woodstock ..... 30-24 for Tillsonburg
Delhi ..... 26-13 for Tillsonburg
Simcoe ..... 17-11 for Tillsonburg
Delhi ..... 14-2 for Tillsonburg
Woodstock ..... 25-25 Tied
Waterford ..... 32-17 for Waterford
St. Thomas ..... 24-19 for Tillsonburg
Ingersoll ..... 29-27 for Tillsonburg
Aylmer ..... 22-21 for Tillsonburg

Junior Exhibition

The Juniors in their five games fared just as well as the Seniors. They also only lost one and tied one. They defeated Delhi 15-7 and tied with Simcoe, 14-14. They then trounced Woodstock 13-6, but in the next game bowed to Waterford, 22-14. They finished the season with a flourish, however, triumphing over Aylmer, 17-12.

Badminton

A Badminton Club under the guidance of Miss McIntosh and Mr. Reid was formed, and sessions were held every Friday night at four. (That is, when nothing else was going on). Nan Warren was elected President, Dick Gibson and Bill Newman were the two Vice-Presidents, and Bob (Babe) McLennan was Secretary-Treasurer. Dick Gibson was also representative to the Students' Council.

Honourable Mention, H. Krautz

Tumbling

A Tumbling squad under the leadership of Miss Rock is now being formed, and they will display their handsprings and pyramids before the crowd on the day of Cadet Inspection. Edith Moon was elected captain.

Inter-Form Basketball

Inter-form Basketball was rather dominated by Grades 12, 11, and 10, and the schedule finished up in a three-way tie with the three grades having four wins apiece. Grade 13 and Special Commercial trailed with one win each and a tie divided between them.

Grades 11 and 10 nosed out Grade 12, in the semi-finals, and Grade 11 went on to defeat the second formers, 23-15, to win the Girls' Inter-form Championship.

The Senior team this year was composed of many new players, with Nan Warren, Barbara Ann MacEwan, Jean Smith and Sharon Doyle being the only returnees from last year's team.

Marg. Howey, Shirley Tait, Joan Wellman and Mae Nunn filled up the gaps on the forward line very capably to make it one of the most feared shooting formations in the league.

Nan Warren and Barbara Ann MacEwan on the guard line were assisted by Gloria Haycock, a star on last season's Junior team, Ella Gyulveszi, a newcomer to basketball competition, and two subs, Georgette Maeckleberg and Chere Dreyer, brought up from this season's junior team. They all combined to form one of the hardest-playing and closest-checking defence lines ever put out by Coach Miss Rock.

The Junior team also had mostly new members. Sparked by Captain Nunn, and

SENIOR BASKETBALL

Standing: Miss Rock, G. Maecklebergh, C. Dreyer, M. Nunn, S. Tait, M. Howey, G. Haycock, E. Gyulveszi, S. Doyle.

Kneeling: J. Wellman, N. Warren, J. Smith.

Pamela Maloney the team showed promise of future strong W.O.S.S.A. competition. Violet Laur, lanky Linda Lounsbury and Elizabeth Sergeant, Winnifred Collings, Betty Schotsch, Caroline Smith and Arabelle Howes completed the forward line. They all had something to give to the team and they gave it.

The guard line consisted of Chere Dreyer, Mary Jane Arthur, Margaret Ann Glover, Jennie Ghesquire, Shirley Eichenberg, Lois Fairbairn and Georgette Maeckleberg. It was a hard-working line all the way and it is to their credit that their forwards had possession of the ball the majority of the time in their games.

This completes the Amazonian activities of the girls up to the month of April, and on behalf of the Basketball team, the Tumbling squad, and Inter-form participants, we would like to thank Miss Merle Rock, P.T. instructress, for making the activities varied and plentiful.

Thanks and appreciation are extended to the entire student body and also to the staff of T.D.H.S. for their loyal support and assistance, from the Cheerleaders of 1950 to 1951.

Without your aid new uniforms could not have been purchased nor could our school have maintained such wonderful school spirit as shown during the series of rugby and basketball games.

Don't lose this spirit!

Good luck,
Cheerleaders, 1950-1951.

JUNIOR BASKETBALL

Back: G. Maecklebergh, L. Lounsbury, E. Sergeant, Miss Rock, C. Dreyer, W. Collings, M. Glover.
Centre: C. Smith, A. Howes, S. Eichenberg, L. Fairbairn, J. Ghesquiere.
Front: M. J. Arthur, V. Laur, M. Nunn, P. Maloney, B. Shotsch.

It's Only Once a Year

It is five o'clock on February 23, 1951. I am lying on my bed with a wet cloth over my eyes so that they will be sparkling and clear. My little radio plays soft music, the shades are drawn, and I am relaxing. Tonight is the Hop.

Those words are full of magic to me. Tonight I will take two hours to dress—instead of ten minutes—if only to make my date sit and wait in acute suspense and discomfort for a while. Tonight I throw away socks and saddle-shoes, sweater and skirt. Of course, tomorrow these familiar items will have to be picked up, brushed off, and worn again. However, tonight I shall float in a long lacy dress and gold slippers. I shall wear my best "Sophisticated" perfume and pile my hair up high on my head.

When we arrive at the dance I shall shake hands with those unfortunates in the receiving-line and thank my lucky stars that I'm not on the other end of that hand-shake. I will look with great astonishment at my old friends whom I have seen a few hours before, and marvel at the miraculous transformation. I shall join in the Grand March and even be sympathetic toward our principal whose unpleasant duty it is to lead. Then I shall twirl and whirl till my breath and feet give out.

When the Hop comes to its inevitable end, I will drown my sorrow in cokes and actually think fondly of those old scuffed shoes at home.

And when I stumble upstairs at close to four o'clock, on this wonderful night, my folks won't say even a word. They will just point one drooping finger at the clock and look sleepily at me with mute displeasure.

V. Vance, XIII.

Boys' Sports

Edited by
RICHARD JONES, XIII

SENIOR RUGBY

Back: Mr. Reid, R. Galloway, J. Alexander.
Centre: G. Fentie, C. Baldwin, D. Richards, H. Augustine, G. Gyulveszi.
Front: P. Jackson, V. Holmes, R. Gibson, L. Jackson, G. Horlick, J. Jones, M. Hozer.

When the fall term opened in 1950, and classes began in a gleaming, new building, sports at T.D.H.S. were in many ways marked by change. New and better facilities, equipment and uniforms, combined with new spirit and a new chief instructor, made this year one of great activity, both within the school and in league competition. Coaching duties fell almost entirely into the capable hands of J. W. Reid, a newcomer to the faculty, who heads the boys' P.E. department. Versatile Coach Reid, who came to Tillsonburg from Gananoque, did a commendable job of training W.O.S.S.A. rugby and basketball teams, and also organized a comprehensive intramural basketball schedule, which lasted through the winter months.

The Boys' Athletic Society, which was elected in November, was active in providing a series of several successful Friday "Athletic Nights" of basketball, badminton and dancing. At writing, plans were also being formulated for a spring table-tennis tournament. Members of the society executive who were elected were Dave Richards, president, Wray Watts, vice-president, and Noel Mason, secretary-treasurer. Paul Jackson was appointed vice-president later in the year when Wray Watts' withdrawal from school left that position vacant.

The Boys' Athletic Society was also responsible, in December, for a contest designed to evolve a new name for the school teams entering into W.O.S.S.A. competition. Mike Hozer's entry was accepted, and the teams were thenceforth to be known as the Black Marauders. The rugby season was by then over, but the new moniker was carried honourably into the league basketball tilts.

Track and Field

The annual T.D.H.S. track and field meet was held on a bright and breezy day back in October. The morning session (the field events) was held on the campus; however, despite the fact that our new quarter-mile cinder track glared invitingly in the distance, it was decided that, with grass growing and cinders settling, the track was not yet ready for use, and the track events were run off in the afternoon at the fairgrounds as in previous years.

Competition was sufficient to provide considerable excitement, and generally, speaking, the day was a success from both the participant's and spectator's point of view.

Juvenile

In the juvenile division, a tie at five points resulted in championship honours being divided between Doug. Vallee and F. Manning. Tied for runner-up were Don Pratt and L. Hodgson with four points each. All former juvenile records remained secure.

Broad Jump: D. Pratt (13'4"), F. Manning, J. Augustine.

Hop-Step-Jump: D. McQuiggan (26'2"), L. Hodgson, D. Pratt.

High Jump: F. Manning (4'2"), W. Ghesquire, L. Hodgson.

75-yd. Dash: D. Vallee (11 sec.), J. Augustine, W. Moon.

10-yd. Dash: D. Burnett (14.2 sec.), D. Vallee, L. Hodgson.

Junior

Irv. Horton was outstanding in the junior class, and certainly must be considered as one of the stars of the meet. He piled up fourteen points to become the junior champion, as well as establishing a new record in the high jump of 5'½", and a new record in the 100-yard dash of 11.9 seconds. He also achieved a record distance of 37'2" in the shot put; however, since the shot used was not of regulation weight, he narrowly missed official recognition for his distance.

Joe Koteles was runner-up for the junior championship with seven points. Tied for third place were Arnold Stover and Wayne Coyle with four points each. Joe Koteles also set a new school record for the junior broad jump with 16'6".

Broad Jump: J. Koteles (16'6"), A Stover, I. Aldworth.

Hop-Step-Jump: J. Koteles (33'), I. Horton, A. Stover and L. Chambers (tied).

High Jump: I. Horton (5'½"), D. Legein, J. Koteles.

Pole Vault: J. Knautz (7.7"), S. Sitts, R. Hillis.

Shot Put: I. Horton (37'2").

100-yd. Dash: I. Horton (11.9 sec.), W. Coyle, S. Jaknunas.

220-yd. Run: I. Horton (29.6 sec.), W. Coyle, R. Underhill.

Intermediate

Intermediate champion was Dave Richards with sixteen points, the highest individual total in any classification. George Leatherdale and Pete Gibson tied for second place with six points each.

Richards and Leatherdale, our perennial high-jumpers, caused much excitement as usual. They had lost none of the style which had drawn high interest to their particular competition in previous years. Both succeeded in clearing 5'5" to topple the old record which had stood since 1937.

Broad Jump: D. Richards (15'10½"), A. Roloson, P. Gibson.

Hop-Step-Jump: P. Gibson (33'7¾"), D. Richards, D. Hutchison.

High Jump: G. Leatherdale, D. Richards (5'5"), J. Zabek.

Pole Vault: G. Leatherdale (9'), P. Seres, F. Knautz.

Shot Put: D. Richards (36'2"), A. Gilbert, G. Ball.

100-yd. Dash: D. MacDonald (12.7 sec.), D. Hutchison, R. Nagy.

220-yd. Run: D. Richards (25.9 sec.), D. MacDonald, J. Zabek.

440-yd. Run: D. Richards (1 min., 11.4 sec.), P. Gibson, D. Hutchison.

Senior

Much eager speculation attended the winning of the senior championship this year. Herb. Augustine, a newcomer from Delhi, was expected to be a strong contestant against Gary Miller, last year's intermediate champ.; however, because of a sore leg, Herb. had a rather tough day. Gary Miller was expected to wind up the Senior events quite handily, but George Gyulveszi showed up very well, and Gary and George tied for the Senior championship with eleven points each. Runners-up were Noel Mason with eight points and Doug. Eckel with seven. All Senior records established in former years remained intact.

TRACK CHAMPS

G. Miller, G. Gyulveszi, D. Vallee, D. Richards, I. Horton.
Absent: F. Manning.

JUNIOR RUGBY

Back: Mr. Reid, Galloway, Alexander.
Centre: Leatherdale, Mayorcsak, Watts, Horton, Taylor.
Front: Mason, Prouse, Franklin, Gibson, Buckrell, Aldworth, Lee.

Broad Jump: G. Miller (18'2"), H. Augustine, N. Mason.

Hop-Step-Jump: N. Mason (36'4"), G. Fentie, G. Gyulveszi.

High Jump: N. Mason (4'10"), D. Lee, R. Mannell.

Pole Vault: G. Gyulveszi (9'), C. Russ, D. Eckel.

Shot Put: G. Gyulveszi (34'9"), G. Fentie, J. Jones.

100-yd. Dash: G. Miller (11.4 sec.), H. Augustine, G. Gyulveszi.

440-yd. Run: G. Miller (25.2 sec.), H. Augustine, G. Gyulveszi.

440-yd. Run: D. Eckel (1 min., 1 sec.), G. Miller, N. Mason.

880-yd. Run: G. Gyulveszi (3 min., 4 sec.), D. Eckel, D. Lee.

In the relay division, the winning teams were as follows:

Juvenile 300-yd. Relay: W. Moon, L. Hodgson, R. Holmes and D. Burnett (45.4 sec.).

Junior 440-yd. Relay: I. Horton, I. Aldworth, W. Coyle and A. Stover (57.8 sec.).

Intermediate 440-yd. Relay: D. Richards, P. Jackson, P. Gibson and R. Nagy (56.4 sec.).

Senior 880-yd. Relay: H. Augustine, G. Gyulveszi, G. Fentie and D. Eckel (1 min., 49.8 sec.).

T.I.N.D.A. Meet

The T.I.N.D.A. inter-school track and field meet was held this term in Aylmer. The cream of T.D.H.S.'s athletic talent was transported to the meet, along with a large number of spectators, in a fleet of school buses. Large representations were present from Ingersoll, Norwich and Delhi, as well as from Aylmer and Tillsonburg, and the day's events were begun in fine spirits; however, Mother Nature frowned on most of the track events (or was she taking compassion on Tillsonburg's opponents?) and the last part of the programme was rained out.

When the total points gained by each school were added up, it was found that Tillsonburg had won top spot in field competition with 196 points. After division of the total points according to the enrolments of the various schools, Tillsonburg, with the greatest enrolment, was (woe and alas!!) pushed down to the cellar position with a slim 17 counters.

T.D.H.S. supporters could console themselves though, with the knowledge of two individual championships carried home by the locals. Dave Richards lifted the boys' intermediate championship with firsts in the broad jump, high jump and 220-yd. run. Irv. Horton's prowess won him the junior inter-school championship.

The cancellation of the several track events, due to the inclemency of the weather, prevented some of Tillsonburg's usually stellar performers from shining. The rain may have limited the success of this year's T.I.N.D.A. meet, but it didn't dampen Tillsonburg's hope of sweeping victories next time.

Rugby

Senior rugby this year, even though in its second season of W.O.S.S.A. "A" competition, found the going scarcely less difficult than last year, with the result that only one league game found T.D.H.S. the victors. This single London Conference victory for the locals was won by a 2-0 score against St. Thomas—thanks to a rouge in each of the first two quarters.

T.D.H.S. played a five-game W.O.S.S.A. schedule this year. Other teams in the same league were Medway High School of Arva, St. Thomas Collegiate, and the London schools (Sir Adam Beck Collegiate, South Collegiate, Central Collegiate, Catholic Central High School, and H. B. Beal Technical School). Tillsonburg supporters can at least take encouragement from the fact that the senior Black and Gold finished the rugby season one rung above the bottom. League results were as follows:

Medway 28; Tillsonburg 12.

Tillsonburg 2; St. Thomas 0.

Catholic Central 23; Tillsonburg 11.

Beck 22; Tillsonburg 0.

Tech 22; Tillsonburg 6.

The senior squad also played two exhibition games with Simcoe, for one of which T.D.H.S. was on top 19-6, and for the other of which they won, but no record is available.

The junior rugby team fared considerably better than their big brothers throughout their five-game series. They lost one and won four, one of the latter being declared "no game" because of excessive roughing.

Results:

Tillsonburg 7; Simcoe 0.

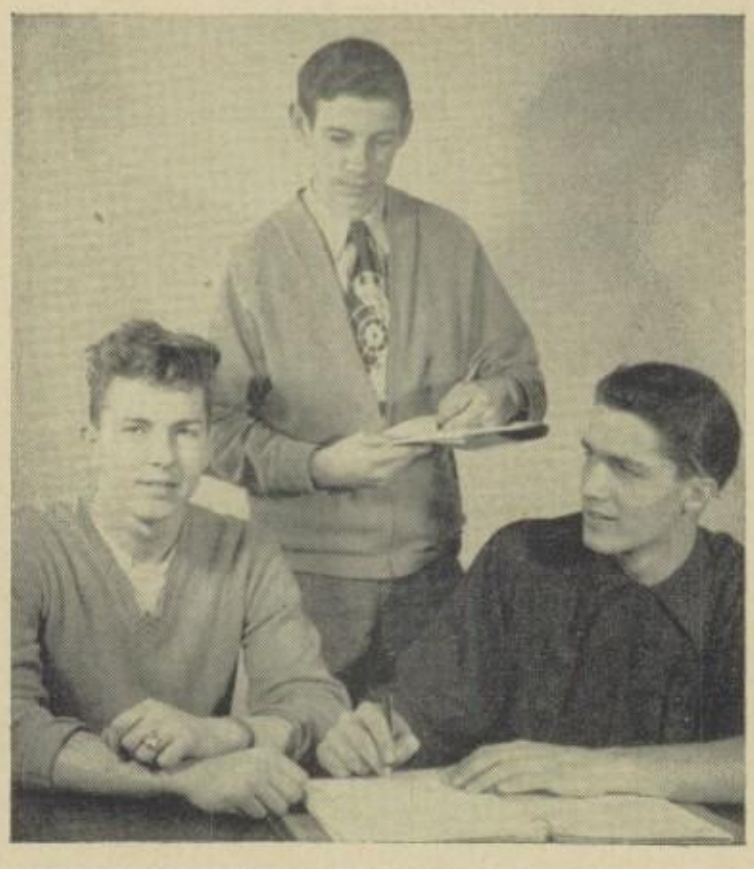
Tillsonburg 25; Simcoe 6 (no game).

Woodstock 5; Tillsonburg 0.

Tillsonburg 23; Simcoe 0.

Tillsonburg 22; Woodstock 1.

One local sports writer observed that this last game with Woodstock ended the local rugby season with a bang. We join in his hopes that the next season will start with the same kind of noise!



ATHLETIC SOCIETY

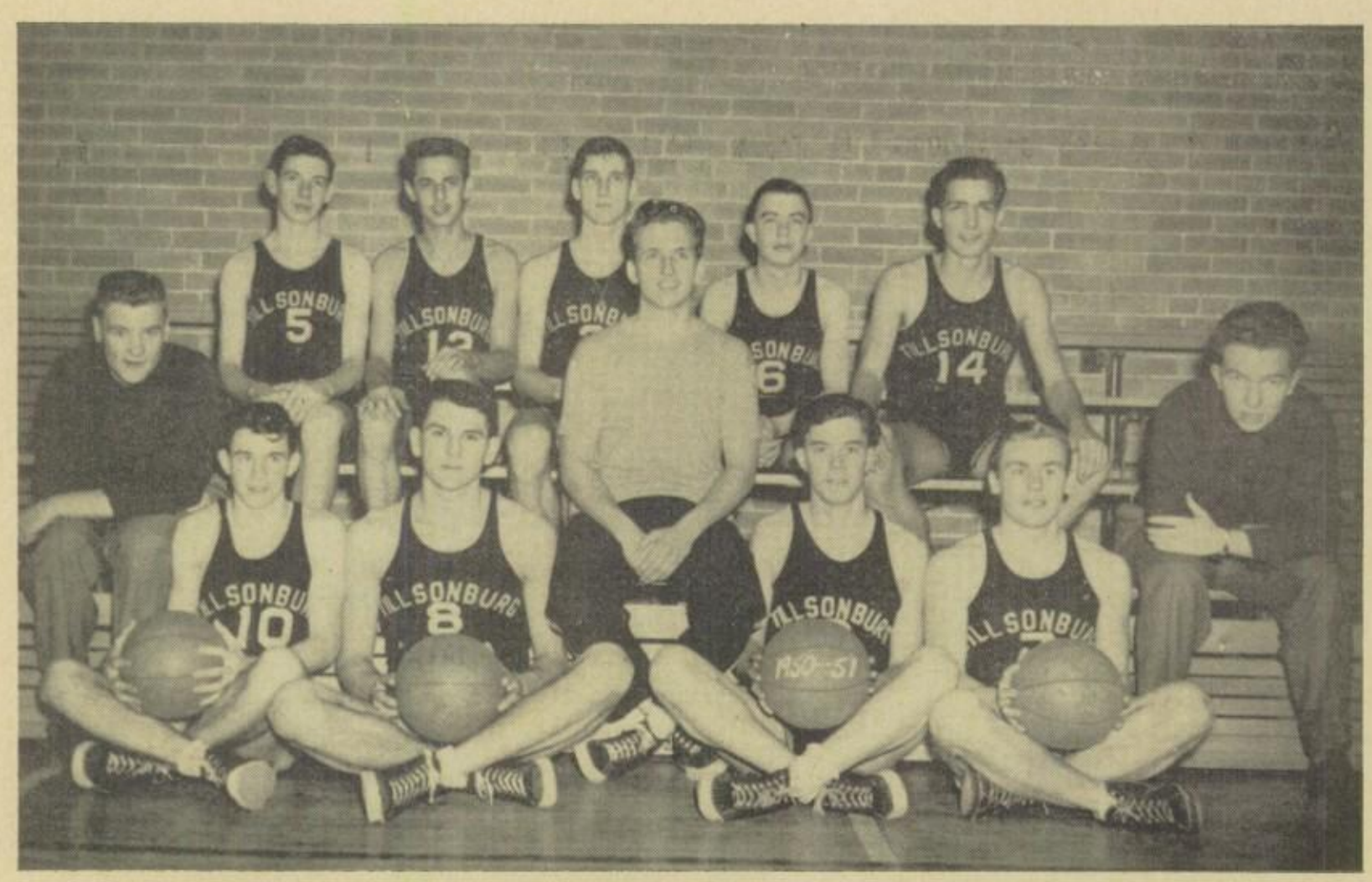
P. Jackson (V.-Pres.), N. Mason (Treas.), D. Richards (Pres.).

I know a fellow called Mason
Who's a son-of-a-gun at racin'!
He's around the track
Like a dog from a sack,
What a life his "Chev." is facin'!

(Verne Harvey, XIIA)

Wally Hoyle (leaving the school): "Well, I'm off!"

Mr. Harden: "That's no revelation!"



SENIOR W.O.S.S.A. BASKETBALL

Back: N. Mason, W. Berko, G. Leatherdale, D. Peacock, D. Richards.
Front: V. Holmes, D. Eckel, G. Gyulveszi, Mr. Reid, R. Mannell, C. Baldwin, J. Alexander.

Basketball

Tillsonburg District played the same league in basketball as in rugby; however, while the success of the senior crew was rather limited, the junior Black Marauders blazed a spectacular trail right up to the semi-finals. Both teams were well trained by Coach Reid, and played a series of ten double-headers together.

On the senior side, of their ten W.O.S.S.A. tilts the locals won two and lost eight. Results were as follows:

Catholic Central 30; Tillsonburg 28.
St. Thomas 40; Tillsonburg 35.
South 38; Tillsonburg 28.
Tillsonburg 47; Beal Tech 23.
Medway 44; Tillsonburg 32.
Central 48; Tillsonburg 35.
St. Thomas 49; Tillsonburg 38.
Tillsonburg 36; Catholic Central 17.
Medway 52; Tillsonburg 19.
Beck 52; Tillsonburg 31.

The junior Black Marauders provided a very definite threat to the other big schools in the London Conference, and out of their ten regular games, they won seven and lost three. Sparked by basket-happy Bob MacLennan, they hung onto the hope of a championship right up to the semi-finals, when they were ousted 29-23 by London Central Collegiate in a breath-taking, heart-breaking overtime period. The following were the junior scores:

Tillsonburg 27; Catholic Central 20.
Tillsonburg 34; St. Thomas 33.
Tillsonburg 32; South 24.
Tillsonburg 51; Beal Tech 32.
Tillsonburg 58; Medway 20.
Central 37; Tillsonburg 28.
Tillsonburg 39; St. Thomas 22.
Catholic Central 31; Tillsonburg 12.
Tillsonburg 37; Medway 24.
Beck 48; Tillsonburg 30.
Semi-final game:
Central 29; Tillsonburg 23 (overtime).

Both junior and senior schedules included numerous exhibition games with Aylmer, Ingersoll, Delhi, and Woodstock, as well as

JUNIOR W.O.S.S.A. BASKETBALL

Back: R. Bratty, A. Gilbert, Mr. Reid, R. Nagy, J. Alexander.
Front: P. Seres, W. Newman, P. Jackson, I. Horton, R. MacLennan.

two games with the Tillsonburg Trojans. Senior Marauders secured greater advantage in exhibition than league games, and both teams won a good percentage of these exhibitions. (Trojans went away unscathed both times, however!).

High scorer for the season, among the seniors, was Noel Mason, with 136 points in seventeen games. Noel was closely followed up by Dave Richards, with 132 points in eighteen games. The junior scoring crown goes undisputedly to Bob MacLennan, who piled up 216 points in sixteen games. Runner-up was Irv. Horton, with an even 100 counters out of sixteen starts.

A final distinction closed the T.D.H.S. basketball picture for 1950-51, when five Marauders were given honourable mention among the league "all stars". These five talented and stalwart basketeers were Dave Richards, Noel Mason, Walt. Berko, George Gyulveszi and Carl Wilson.

Athletic Banquet

A feature of the 1950-51 season of sports was the "Athletic Banquet" which was held during the winter term at Mil-Mar Manor. Under the auspices of the athletic societies of the school, the affair was attended by the girls' and boys' junior and senior basketball teams, the junior and senior rugby players, and the cheerleaders.

The main speaker of the evening was Dr. Earl Zeigler, head of the physical education department of the University of Western Ontario, London. Bill Coulthard and "Woody" Campbell, outstanding athletes, also spoke briefly, as did Principal W. P. Kirkwood. The speakers were introduced by Boys' Athletic Society President, Dave Richards, and they were thanked by Noel Mason, Secretary-Treasurer of the Society.

After the banquet, films of a Western-McGill football game were shown, and the successful evening was concluded with a dance at the school.

SENIOR INTRAMURAL BASKETBALL

JUNIOR INTRAMURAL BASKETBALL

INTERMEDIATE INTRAMURAL BASKETBALL

Typical Athletic Night

During the fall term the Boys' Athletic Society sponsored many "Athletic Nites" on Friday evening.

A typical example of one of these nights was held on Friday, December 15th.

Several of the school's badminton fiends gathered in the gym at seven o'clock and kept the birdies flying until around nine, when the Black Marauders encountered the Tillsonburg Trojans in a thrilling fight-to-the-finish basketball game. Our boys tried very hard but just could not seem to conquer the mighty Trojans.

After the lights were dimmed and soft music could be heard, everyone enjoyed dancing, with Dave Richards acting as M.C.

Refreshments were sold in the cafeteria by the Students' Council.

Gloria Haycock, XII-A

THOUGHTS WHILE WRITING EXAMS IN THE CAFETERIA

The room is full of silence rare,
But the clock keeps clicking on.
We try so hard to concentrate;
Something soon should dawn.

However slow the hours go
Not a thing is ever thought.
Our minds are blank and thus our pens,
They will not even blot.

The odours from the kitchen here
Distract our good intent.
We really didn't mean to fail,
A pass was what we meant.

Elizabeth Simmons, XIII.

Prose and Fiction

Edited by
EDITH MOON, XIIC

WHY I STICK TO OVEREATING

(First Prize Humorous Prose)

I'm a glutton and I like it. Hand me another drumstick! You want to know why I stick to stuffing myself with excess vitamins?

Well, foremost among my reasons for overeating is the fact that it relieves frustration. If I have a bad day at school I come home and munch consolingly on an apple, then a sandwich, and before I know it I'm so busy thinking of food I forget all about homework; moreover, my ensuing stomach ache further relieves my mind of former cares.

Now before you get the idea that I'm a frustrated neurotic let me hasten to add that I wouldn't stop overeating even if I didn't have a care in the world, simply because overeating is habit-forming. The more food I consume the greater my capacity becomes till I find myself in a vicious circle with no way out. (Don't show me the way!) Do you cajole yourself into believing that extra piece of pie won't do any harm, my friend? This may be your fatal step to overeating. Why I can now handle five square meals a day and still my mouth waters for more.

My slightest demand for nourishment is instantly satisfied, for I come from a long line of gourmets who provide well the pantry. Who wouldn't overeat with too much food shoved at you in all directions? Grandma not only has apple pie for dessert but rice pudding as well and who am I to refuse either? Talk about "Man shall not live by bread alone!" I've still got two boxes of chocolates from my birthday which will serve nicely as a midnight lunch.

In addition to this overabundance of food I stick to overeating because I happen to admire a great many fat people and as a disciple of the obese, feel that I should adhere to their doctrine of gluttonizing. Consider for example Mr. Churchill. Since I can in no way hope to emulate his fame, at least I can overeat and achieve similarity in proportions. Or, look, if you will, at Caruso, and for that matter at most of the great opera singers. Obesity seems to be an attribute of this profession. Perhaps if I eat long enough and too much my voice will undergo a metamorphosis and I'll rise to fame as a singer.

But I'd better restrain my soaring thoughts and finish this composition before midnight, because then, ah then, again I will sojourn to the pantry and as always—overeat!

Ann Dean, XIII.

—o—

MASS HYPNOTISM

(First Prize Short Story)

I could hardly hold my eyes open as I settled back on the chesterfield for another dull night of programmes on my new 1954 super deluxe television set. Through hazy eyes I saw on the screen the words "Suspense"—my favourite radio and television show. As I watched I thought, "This evening might prove to be interesting."

How good it was to settle back, at home on furlough after fighting in the German War for a year! I had been too young for the Korean War and had missed it, but the German crisis came just as I turned nineteen. Now it, too, was over and, as in the Korean War, neither side had gained. Russia and her satellites had been ousted by the United Nations Assembly although Russia still retained her seat on the Security Council. Now the world was "on edge" and expecting World War III, but where would Russia strike?

As I watched the screen, the picture faded out and a new unfamiliar face took its place. The owner of the face was by no standards handsome but he had the most persuasive eyes I had ever seen. He started to talk—at first slowly, then more rapidly while all the time his eye-lids opened and closed slowly. How strange and helpless I felt! I knew I was being hypnotized, but I could not seem to make myself turn off the set.

The voice kept saying, "Hate, hate, hate. Kill everyone that you see." After moving slowly to my bedroom I got my gun and went outside. The sight that met my eyes was unbelievable.

Hundreds of people were out with guns, knives, clubs and broken glass killing each other. Women, children, and even men were screaming! I heard my best friend, Charlie, shout, "Jack, it's a Russian trick. They cut in on the television programme and hypnotized the people. More than half of the people in the United States and Canada are hypnotized to kill". But his words had no meaning to me and I raised the gun toward him. He lunged, knocking me backward, and everything went black.

When I woke up I was lying on the floor of my living room and Charlie stood over me laughing. He said that when he came in I was lying asleep on the chesterfield and he had pulled me off onto the floor. "Suspense" was no longer on and Mickey Mouse was in its place. It was apparent that I had had a nightmare.

The next day the following advertisement appeared in the local paper: "For Sale: One Television Set. Almost new. Apply to Jack Tanner, Eden."

Jack Tanner, XIII.

My Favourite Magazine

(Best Serious Prose)

The National Geographic Magazine is the only magazine I know of which possesses such a happy blending of instruction, interest and pleasure. As far as I am concerned, a good many of to-day's periodicals are just so much trash, simply because their contents are of only fleeting interest, and very often give the impression of having been thrown together hurriedly with thought only for some fast-approaching deadline. On the other hand, the Geographic, with its dignified subjects accurately and frankly treated, its carefully lithographed pages, and its freedom from multitudinous soap advertisements, is worthy of being pored over. It is, indeed, the monthly report of a staid and well-established national institution, and bears a look of preparation and permanence.

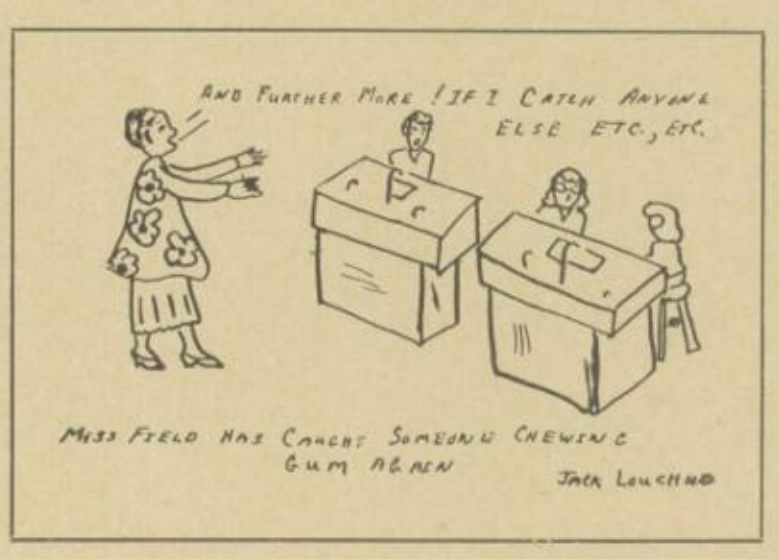
Whether you are confined to a wheel-chair with nothing to do but read, or are kept so busy that you have time only to glance at the pictures, you can probably glean more worthwhile information from a half-hour's perusal of the National Geographic Magazine than you could ever get from a whole year's subscription to Pic, Look, Hush, or the Police Gazette. Moreover, you can rely on Gilbert Grosvenor and his large editorial staff for accuracy in the execution of their stated purpose—"the increase and diffusion of geographic knowledge." Science, history, and politics, as well, find prominence in this world picture gallery.

Colour photography is, no doubt, an outstanding factor in this magazine's wide popularity. Whether it be the nearly-nude natives of Nigeria or a new variety of disease-resistant apple, the society's camera work seems, to casual observers like myself who appreciate such art only for art's sake, to be flawless.

A membership in the National Geographic Society usually means many pleasant surprises. As each month's yellow-edged copy arrives, one may expect any sort of report, from a trip to the north pole, to a visit to a drama festival in Siam, an archeological tour of the Holy Land, or the Mardi Gras in New Orleans.

Finally, the National Geographic Magazine could be, I think, considered as a potential force for international good-will, for through its careful analyses of so many regions of the world, nations may come to know themselves and one another better.

Richard Jones, XIII.



Forgive Them, For They Know Not What They Do

Weeping bitterly in despairing anguish, the little boy stumbles unseeingly up a flight of littered, crumbling stairs and flings himself into an equally squalid, airless room. Tender, compassionate arms reach out to him, and gentle, careworn hands smooth his crumpled, coal-black, hair. A soft, sweet voice croons meaningless, comforting sounds into his ear, and presently his shuddering sobs begin to slacken. His tear-ravaged face lifts beseechingly to his mother, and he speaks: "Why do the other boys call me a 'dirty Jap', my mother? Why do they throw stones and trip me and then laugh when I fall down? Why do they constantly threaten me with this horrible thing they call the Atom Bomb, and taunt me about a place called Hiro Shima? What have I done to them?"

What indeed has this little Japanese boy done to his tormentors? His crime, apparently is in having been born the son of Japanese parents who fled from their native land to escape the idolatrous reign of Hirohito.

Here, in the "Land of the Free and the Brave", his father, wonderfully gifted in art, must crucify his sensitive hands in a laundry to purchase the meager rice needed to keep body and soul together. His mother, the daughter of a wealthy Tokyo lawyer, must scrub floors from morning to night to pay the rent on their miserable hovel.

But the boy—his life is to be much different! He is to go to the big school, and learn how to be a good American, so that he will be their comfort and their strength in their old age. Yes, he will gain fame and wealth in this magnificent country where "all are created equal".

So thought his mother and father as they spent laboriously hoarded coins on textbooks, and a new suit, and bravely sent their little son off to school. The little one, thrilled at the thought of the new friendships he would make with other boys, was at first surprised, and then bewildered, and hurt by their hostile attitude. The first few days he tried to ignore their brutal remarks and actions, but he soon grew to dread the morning light, for it meant another day at school must be stoically endured!

Finally, unable to bear his shameful feelings of inferiority any longer, in silence, he seeks the solace of his mother. How will she comfort him? By what means can she show him that the bitter aftermath of war is responsible for the hate-filled jeers of his school-mates? In what possible way can she reassure him that his future is not so black as it now seems? What possible explanation can she give of this ractial prejudice that will be comprehended by a little boy who merely wants to be like other little boys?

Jean Scrimgeour, XIIC.

Second Thought

(Second Prize Short Story)

The James house stood back from the highway, old, large, secluded. Here lived Alice James who so nobly sacrificed her own happiness to look after her uncle after an accident which left him a cripple. For ten long years now she had lived here caring for the man who was a virtual prisoner in this house.

A light shone out from a second story window, cutting the gloom of night. Alice James sat alone in the library, her hands lying lax on the desk. Yes, she decided it was the only way. She had waited so long and sacrificed so much. She had given up her youth and ambitions to live in this musty old house with an invalid. Now she had grown tired of waiting for her uncle to die. She wanted his fortune which he had willed to her in his gratitude for her unselfish act. She wanted the money now, while she was still young and could enjoy it.

In her mind she went over the plan again. It was really ingenious, she thought. No one would ever know it was a cold deliberate murder. She could hear herself talking to the police now. "Recently my uncle had begun to act rather queerly, and at times he was almost violent. Unexpectedly he had come at me with a knife." Briefly she fingered the knife she would later plant in her uncle's lifeless hand. She had been very

fortunate that she had been able to defend herself.

She heard the familiar sound of her uncle's wheel chair coming down the hall. Quickly, quietly, she opened the desk drawer and her hand covered a small, cold, efficient automatic. The sound was nearer now. "No one will ever know", she whispered to herself reassuringly. She swung the chair to face the door, her hand lying in the drawer, her slim fingers caressing the gun.

Suddenly a picture rose before her, unbidden. She saw her uncle's merry eyes; she heard his jolly laugh and happy chuckle which prevailed in spite of weary hours of pain, boredom and complete despair. She realized with a start that he continually entertained and cheered her. It was almost as though she, not he, were the invalid. Her hand clutched the gun convulsively.

The door opened and a little old man with grey hair and snappy blue eyes pushed his wheel chair through it. Hastily the girl shut the drawer. She crossed the room to the old man, her face softening with a tender smile. "Come, uncle dear, shall we have a glass of chocolate before retiring? And tomorrow we will see the doctor about going for a walk in the garden, or perhaps a drive in the car." Quietly and forever she closed the door of her mind on the initial thought. Silently she thanked the Power that gave her that second thought.

M. R. French, XIIC.

The Daily Routine

(Second Prize—Humorous Prose)

Most young men like myself are not altogether fond of the idea of settling into a daily routine of clock-punching (or clock-watching, as the case may be). For us, there must be that adventurous life of recklessness, permeated by the happiness that can come only to those of no fixed society and no ultimate ambition.

However, an end comes to the best of things. Thus, it was with considerable ill-feeling that I struggled forth from the warmth of the old four-poster one frigid January morning, faced with the somewhat dismal prospect of returning to the local institute of learning. Even the knowledge that it was to a new modern classroom that I was returning failed to elate me. I shuddered at the idea of another six months of the dull routine of reading books and writing down the answers. Thus, the noose of school life had once more settled firmly about my neck.

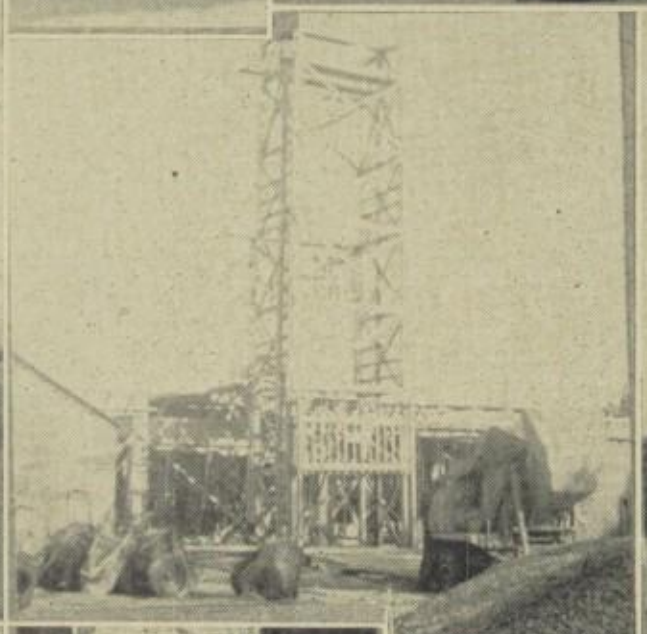
There are times that try men's souls, and to me, one of these is the early rising, hours before noon, to trudge off to school in the full fury of an Alaskan blizzard. Upon arrival at school, I sank limply onto, and into my bench, and attempted to catch the proverbial forty winks. However, some brazen pedagogue, full of knowledge, somehow managed to penetrate my foggy brain, and poured into it literally streams of literal lore! I am not one for such merry chit-chat, and it was with a glassy gaze that I observed the proceedings. But, as I intimated before, this outpouring did not last long.

Aroused by a thunderous voice filled with righteous indignation, I sprang to the alert, only to discover that this voice, sounding like the Last Trumpet, and fairly dripping with momentous news, was merely part of an elaborate P.A. system designed to keep the less attentive students on their toes.

School teachers, the mainsprings in the daily routine I now faced, are, more or less, admitted to be the curse of the human race. This unfortunate position arises from their failure to give the sleeping student his sporting chance of survival. I observed one such hapless specimen plucked from his seat by a hardened veteran of learning who, in this pose, assumed the expression of a vegetarian fishing a caterpillar out of the salad. After his victory was assured, the conqueror of lethargy regarded his class, and, it seemed, especially me, with an air of intense suspicion. I felt as though I had been caught robbing the baby's piggy bank on the eve of the big race!

Now, I'm not much of a lad for the birds and the trees, together with the great open spaces, as a rule, so, instead of fleeing to the hills, I decided to remain in this crowded, but comfortable classroom. Thus, the olive branch was exchanged by pupil and pedagogue, and the dove of peace once more hovered over our second home.

Harvey Smith, XIIC.



A Rude Awakening

(Honourable Mention, Short Story)

I was twenty years old and my name was Anne Matthews. I had just graduated from Woodlark College for Young Ladies and this was the night of the Graduation Ball. My escort, Tommy Landers, was to call for me at nine. All through that day I kept peeking into the closet at the beautiful blue velvet gown that hung there. After a flurry of excitement to get ready for the great occasion I was all decked out for a heavenly time.

Sharp at nine Tommy's Cadillac convertible drew up in front of the house and with my gardenia corsage pinned to my coat, Tommy and I were off to a gala evening. We arrived at the ball-room at the same time as a throng of other gaily-dressed socialites entered. The crowd was brilliant with gowns of all hues set against a background of black and white tuxedoes. I went immediately to the powder room and after giving the final touch to my hair, pinning the corsage to my dress and exchanging exclamations of delight and excitement with the other girls, I proceeded toward the dance-floor. The imported orchestra played waltzes and then out of nowhere Mel Torme appeared and sang low and softly so that Tommy and I danced on a cloud till intermission. We helped ourselves from the punch bowl and to dainty little sandwiches and cakes.

Just as I reached for a little cake with pink icing I heard a startling noise—"Jane! Jane! Get up! It's seven o'clock and you don't want to miss your bus!" It was my mother calling me for breakfast, calling me out of the world of fantasy back into the mundane routine of school and books. My name was no longer Anne Matthews. I was just Jane Martin. It was seven a.m., not midnight. It was the day of the At-Home and there I was with my year-old pink formal instead of my dream creation. I was seventeen not twenty, and "Tommy Landers" was just "the boy next door." I knew that the "convertible" would be a '40 Chev. and that the only man in tails at the Hop would be our jazzy French teacher. Consequently I settled back into reality and went off to school in a happy frame of mind at the prospect of the delightful time I would have at the Hop.

Lucy Rokeby, XIB.

Cycling Sorrows

When, after years of coveting such a prize, my sisters and I finally acquired a second-hand bicycle, our excitement had no parallel in family history.

I was one of the shareholders in this wonderful new property, but, alas! I had never learned to ride. Worse still, I had never even summoned enough courage to mount the terrifying modern machine, colloquially known as a "bike".

My two sisters, both younger than I, assured me that there was nothing to it. "You just get on, take hold of the handle bars, pedal with both legs, and when the bike begins to move, you're all right. You can't fall". Without being deliberately misleading, my informants omitted a number of important details.

Beth and Perry had been coursing about the countryside on borrowed machines, for five years at least. How different from their lean, timorous sister who, at seventeen, had never yet clutched the clammy handle bars of a bike! My sisters were very noble about my handicap. "If you can't learn," gurgled Beth, "we'll refund your money." This patronizing kindness from a child four years my junior, was too much to suffer in silence. Come what may, I would master the intricacies of cycling, and by my own efforts. Two sisters tagging alone, exchanging quips at my expense, would only discourage and impede progress.

Now determined, I donned an old jersey and a pair of faded slacks which could be rolled up, if necessary. With tattered and terrified locks braided into pigtails, I was ready for the struggle. I timed my first lesson to coincide with one of those rare occasions when the two potential hecklers

were absent, and for my initial attempt, I chose a remote section of the road.

It was a brisk fall afternoon, but from the moment I teetered on the seat of the bike, the sun seemed to shine with increased heat. Clenching the handle bars, I moved forward a fraction of an inch. Why did the machine wobble so cruelly? In an effort to keep my balance, I left my left shoe free to draw along the ground. Surely, having had recourse to such a precaution, I could remain upright and dignified. Stubborn, unmanageable wheel! How could one be expected to steer, and at the same time concentrate upon pedalling and maintaining balance? I felt my pigtails falling already, with frustration and annoyance.

The bicycle and I staggered a few paces along the road. Two four-year-olds popped out from the hedge to witness this unusual scene. "It ain't going right, is it? You can't ride yet, can you?" Dear, little round-eyed cherubs! With an effort, I strained my frozen face-muscles into a smile.

"Joyce is just learning. Everyone has to learn, you know." My audience, without replying, disappeared. A few minutes later they returned, each sailing by on a red tricycle with a speed which left me far behind on the road.

Now along the road pranced the most enterprising ten-year-old in my Sunday school class. Smug in the possession of a new bike, which he had learned to ride after one day's effort, Spud folded his arms across his chest. Thus in a typical attitude of masculine disapproval, he surveyed the solitary rider. "Do you think you'll ever make it go?" I moistened my lips, and felt grateful that the boys in our family realized they had a sister. "Of course. You wouldn't expect me to get on and ride the bike right away."

Would you like me to get behind and push you?"

With a start of consternation, I waved him away. "No thanks, Spud. I'd rather go alone." At this moment Spud's mother summoned him to perform an errand. Never before had I felt so tender towards his mother.

After more than an hour's panting and straining, I still had not improved my technique. The handle bars proved no less rebellious now than at the outset of my lesson, and the front wheel refused to cooperate. A few minutes later my bicycle vaulted up the terrace and precipitated its rider upon the grass. As I toppled, I had to dodge sideways to avoid embracing the hydro pole.

Now the voice of discretion made itself audible. "Better say 'quits' for the day and try tomorrow when you're not so tired." Painfully I wheeled our bike into the shed. I was trying to recall that poem about "keeping on, keeping on!" The following afternoon, before the lesson began, I padded the brutal seat with three folds of pink brushed cotton. Mother pointed out that the colour of my improvised cushion was, to say the least, a little conspicuous. I assured her that I was more concerned about comfort than about appearance.

The day before, when I first braved the road, Smutts, unaware of her mistress's adventures, had been slumbering in the back kitchen. On this second occasion my faithful canine, with a twinkle in her eyes, followed me out. In the next two hours her respect for me must have dwindled appreciably. She pattered behind, as I straggled along, pedalling like a stork with only one leg. Never a whimper or a snort of ridicule but Smutts' behaviour betrayed boredom and resignation. Was this grim, pig-tailed Being really her Heroic Heroine?

Then it happened! Just for a few seconds. I kept two feet on the pedals, and at the same time. This realization startled me so that I ran berserk, and found the bike and myself on uncomfortably intimate terms with our neighbour's garbage can.

With bleeding knees I limped home and deposited the two-wheeled vehicle of torture in its accustomed place. Before mother came I had administered first aid to my knees, and before she could comment on the purple bumps which bore witness to many anguished moments, I explained, "Well, anyway, I can ride just a little, mother."

The next day Perry rushed up the road just in time to see me see-sawing along on the "Green Hornet", as our machine had been named. Aware of a critical audience,

Continued on Page 79

IXA

IXA

Back Row: D. Wilson, L. Schultz, R. Gillett, R. Milmine, W. Hessler, J. Cavers, W. Fitzpatrick, R. Lonsbary.
Third Row: F. Manning, G. Beasley, J. Oliver, B. Milmine, B. Darnly, D. Heyrman, L. Burnett, Mrs. Dunbar.
Second Row: P. Ireland, R. Smith, B. Franklin, P. Dreyer, H. Katona, R. Vandergunst, L. Campbell, P. Atkinson, D. Stover, M. Markham.
Front Row: E. Pearce, L. Hodgson, R. Holmes, S. Popham, J. Love, C. Manary, B. Stroud.

IXB

IXB

Back Row: G. Moody, A. Jackson, G. Lawrence, F. Hill, S. Ryan, R. Peters.
Third Row: N. Pearson, I. Sedlacek, D. Humphrey, Mr. Wightman, M. Wallace, R. Esseltine, B. Reid, R. Burnett.
Second Row: B. McDonald, A. Esseltine, B. Boc, C. Skevington, J. Chambers, H. Vandewoude, A. Rosatik, B. McDonald.
Front Row: P. Ryan, W. Trickett, P. Ryan, N. Muller.

IXC

IXC

Back Row: G. Glover, A. Kukula, E. Helsdon, Mr. Harden, M. Becker, E. J. Sundy, N. Dennis, N. Clarkson.
Middle Row: N. Cooper, N. Cooper, J. Chute, R. Donais, G. Lonsbary, G. Tisdale, M. Anderson, M. Howe.
Front Row: D. Gaskin, A. Nahr, H. Hessler, F. Grey, R. Cattell.

IXD

IXD

Back Row: J. Andrews, K. Pickersgill, S. Jaknunas, L. Steers, D. Cook, J. Russell, G. Stier, J. Popham.
Third Row: D. Schweyer, H. Gehring, J. Koteles, C. Van Loon, J. W. Reid, J. Maldeikis, H. Schneider, B. Warren.
Second Row: K. Garnham, M. Brown, S. Pauls, J. Lambert, C. Buskiewiczs, M. J. Kent, J. Dickinson, M. Nezezon, B. Maloney, B. Sandor.
Front Row: D. Pratt, L. Turner, Z. Varga, P. Buchner, W. Moon, D. Vallee.

IXE

IXE

Back Row: J. Jeneroux, C. Hawley, Miss Volker, W. Hawley, Mr. Parkhill, H. Robinson, L. West, M. Harvey, J. Hawley.
Middle Row: N. Sinden, J. Nowell, R. Monk, S. Moody, M. Moore, E. Edworthy, B. Porter, B. Hill, M. Gale, W. Oatman.
Front Row: C. Kennedy, W. Ghesquiere, O. Sharp, D. Moore, H. Kipp, J. Augustine, J. Zebic.
Absent: A. Fletcher, J. Milton, F. Ratz, J. Stilwell.

IXF

IXF

Back Row: C. McCollow, J. Myers, G. VanDaele, Mr. Murray, D. Harris, R. Hillis, D. Moir, J. Rodgers.
Middle Row: M. Neff, I. Sinden, E. Baldwin, M. Courtney, R. MacAinsh, B. Earl, M. Caswell, R. Cupples, E. Barnes.
Front Row: L. Louch, P. Tondreau, M. Treffry, P. Herman, E. Hirt.

My Trip to Europe

On Wednesday, the twenty-third of June, 1950, I set out for England. My mother and I boarded a train at Ingersoll. With a chug and a snort the great engine pulled away and the figures of my father and brother became smaller and smaller. I settled down and began thinking of what was going to happen. I was going to a strange land, to see a strange people. Yes, to me this was the greatest adventure in my life.

At Toronto we changed trains and went to Montreal, where we had breakfast. From here we were soon bound for Halifax. During the train ride to Halifax we passed through New Brunswick, where we saw many deep valleys, and Nova Scotia, where we saw many interesting tidal waves.

We were soon in Halifax and aboard the ship, the Aquitania. We had a comfortable cabin and at 11:30 that night we set sail for England. Although it was very strange to be aboard an object that swayed back and forth, I was sea-sick only one afternoon.

Then on July the second, we landed at Southampton. From there we travelled to London, where we caught a glimpse of the London Bridge and of Westminster Abbey. From Victoria Station we travelled to Dover. After staying at a Residential Hotel for the night, we caught the ferry for Ostende, Belgium, just across the English Channel. About a stone's throw from Dover we could see all the ruins through the fog and glimpsed the famous "White Cliffs of Dover". Soon I met all the people I had heard my parents talk about so often. As we travelled through the country from Ostende to Louvre, where my grandparents lived, I noticed immediately the difference in the roads over there. Cobblestone roads were very common and villages and houses closer together. My grandparents were very glad to see us and I soon settled down to live in a Belgian village.

Three weeks later my mother and I left, with my uncle, for Brussels. Brussels is a city about the size of Detroit. The most beautiful things, in my opinion, are the fountains that stand in the city squares. The stores are large and spacious, occupying an entire block. In the ice rink there we saw a revue much like Sonja Henie's.

On the way home from the revue we stopped at an inn, where an artist drew portraits in sand. This is done by placing grains of different colours and sizes. These are fixed on a canvas covered with a sticky substance. This art requires a great deal of skill and patience.

About a week later we left for Kortryh to see a parade. Here one may see many beautiful buildings, but also many ruins caused by the bombings in the last world war. The market-place is an intricate pattern of flowery lanes that weave in and out to form a flower garden. The parade lasted three hours and the peoples of different lands were all represented in their native costumes.

During my stop in Brussels we ate in a Brussels restaurant. How they prepare the food and in what quantities they eat it, may surprise you. First comes the appetizer, usually a glass of rare old wine. This is followed by an hors d'oeuvre, usually a kind of vegetable salad with such ingredients as herring, carrots, lettuce and onions. Next you have bouillon, which is, as many of you know, a kind of soup. Then you may have fish, a very small fish painstakingly prepared. One may also have an oyster. Then you are offered a fruit, a muskmelon or grapefruit. Your meal is always accompanied by wine. Wait, you are not finished yet. (I thought I was, too, but my uncle soon convinced me I was not.) You have yet to eat the main course, steak, potato chips, lettuce, tomatoes and peas. This is followed by coffee and pastry, then a small piece of cheese, and lastly, a cocktail to wash it all down.

My last trip, before leaving for Canada, was to Paris. As we drove along, we passed over the coal pits of Lille. Beautiful farms lay stretched along the road and we saw magnificent ancient chateaux here and there. Soon we reached Paris, with its Eiffel Tower, Arch of Triumph, tall skyscrapers, and its monstrous opera house with statues imbedded in concrete frames. I visited one of the largest banks in France. It is three stories high and is guarded by more than 30 policemen. Paris has a subway and an elevated railway. Its streets are spacious and the residential homes are very beautiful and called "irelas". The historic statues and buildings are exquisite

monuments to the artistic minds of the French.

On my return trip my uncle took me by way of the coast and I saw the ruins of Dieppe and Calais. The foxholes where the Germans lay in wait for our troops can still be seen. From a hilltop we could see the towering peak of Vimy, a monument to those who died for freedom.

The time for departure was inevitably drawing closer, although both my mother and I dreaded it, for I, too, had grown to love these people and their customs.

Our trip back was uneventful and even though I was very glad to see my father and brother, I still look back on my trip as a wonderful expereince and one which I hope I will never forget.

Jenny Ghesquire, 11B.

M. French, XIIC

WE TOO WORK

(Continued from Page 35)

make a study of the proper procedure in a business office. This study is called Office Practice. In it we find how many different classes of mail there are (4), and the different prices of each, depending on the different weights. Believe it or not, there is also a right and wrong method of answering the telephone.

You History students who envy us, need not look so envious. You learn what happens, where, and when. We learn why. This subject is called Economics. In it we learn why a dollar is worth a hundred cents in one country and a hundred and six cents in another country. We learn why the difference, and how money came into being in the first place, also how prices are affected by supply and demand. Instead of dates, we have our technical work too, in changing an amount of money into English, American and Canadian equivalents.

Even though you claim that we do not suffer the agony of Geometry, Algebra, or Trigonometry, try figuring out Insurance questions sometime for fun. In one question you are asked to find the principal, the next the premium, and perhaps in a third question the amount paid by the company. Nine times out of ten there are 63 or some other odd number of days involved.

Please do not think that I or any of us wish to start a feud or battle, between General and Commercial students. (We'd be rather outnumbered). I have just taken the liberty of pointing out that we too work.

Joyce Hibbert, XIIC.

XA

XA

Back Row: J. Kisielis, J. Knautz, D. Turnbull, C. Dennis, A. Stover, G. Carson, M. Wingrove.
Fourth Row: V. Laur, J. Fitzgerald, J. Merriott, M. Cosyns, M. Chilton, Mr. Campbell, M. Mason, N. Pritchard, D. Jarret, B. Bowlby, G. Deli, S. Saw, S. Scruton, E. Sowa.
Third Row: E. Heckford, I. Saxton, J. Smith, D. Sinden, M. Sandham, M. J. Arthur, S. Drake, N. Pegg, M. Armstrong, J. Smith, M. Marlatt.
Front Row: A. Williams, G. Ketchabaw, R. Lowe, D. Fish, H. Floyd, D. Dutton.
Absent: P. Pegg.

XC

XC

Back Row: R. Neff, D. Hutchison, B. Baxter, M. Cornell, M. L. Ketchabaw, C. Dreyer, D. Jennings, H. Jennings, D. Cole.
Middle Row: M. Atkinson, E. Barnes, E. Tondreau, L. Fairbairn, Mr. Tulloch, F. Girvin, K. Yallop, J. Verbauwhede, M. Barnes.
Front Row: D. Ostrander, D. McQuiggan, J. Gerow, B. Osborne, S. Grastas, D. Foster.

XIA

XIA

Back Row: S. Doyle, D. McKenney, J. Leach, A. Turner, O. Legein, C. Hale, R. Nagy, R. MacLennan, G. Neale.
Fourth Row: B. Vanderhoek, R. Mason, F. Knautz, A. Sloboda, S. Smith, S. Loucks, S. Eichenberg, L. Hogarth, G. Harries, C. Demeyere, W. Popham.
Third Row: H. Horlick, M. Jones, J. Hicks, B. Morrison, S. Jenson, E. Cowell, M. Hillner, J. Knautz, H. Nezezon.
Front Row: B. Austin, R. Burnett, R. Stewart, W. Hoyle, M. DeKindt, A. DeVos, C. Crevits.

XB

XB

Back Row: D. Franklin, R. Tyrrell, L. Chambers, C. Rogers, R. Alward, F. Vyse, H. Lambert, I. Aldworth, E. Gibson.
Third Row: B. Schotsch, I. Darrow, P. Ross, S. Rokeby, M. Glover, C. Franklin, M. Nunn, L. Lounsbury, E. Lee, J. Diver, C. Carson, Mr. Taylor.
Second Row: J. Scrimgeour, A. Silverthorne, C. Rankin, E. Fazakas, N. House, F. Lockwood, S. Jones, L. Claringbold, B. Mattheus, L. Simmons, J. Allen.
Front Row: C. Thomas, B. Franklin, W. Coyle, R. Wilson.

XD

XD

Back Row: R. Livingston, S. Sitts, J. Miller, R. Mills, N. Ward, A. Roloson, D. MacDonald, C. Rigole, G. Willaert.
Middle Row: M. Smith, J. Hetherington, M. J. Yallop, P. Maloney, Miss Field, M. Moir, G. Maecklebergh, C. Smith, V. Denys.
Front Row: K. Marlatt, M. Ludwig, G. Kneller, M. Main, D. Sherman, J. Louch, L. Bates.
Absent: L. Nunn.

XIB

XIB

Back Row: R. Ingraham, W. Newman, A. Spriet, I. Horton, P. Jackson, R. Gregson, R. Bratty, V. Holmes, G. Buckrell, H. Mueller.
Third Row: J. McAllister, L. Rokeby, E. Sergeant, M. E. McLeod, G. Demaiter, Mr. Dicks, F. Demaiter, D. Franklin, W. Collings, S. Jones.
Second Row: J. Ghesquiere, L. Medai, F. Makins, E. Slama, M. Stroud, J. Faulkner, S. Jackson, L. Chute, B. Lambert, J. Hetherington.
Front Row: R. Willaert, R. Galloway, E. Heckford, W. Watts, M. Goegebuer, E. Robbins, J. Misner.

XIIA

XIIA

Back Row: W. Franklin, L. Jackson, D. Richards, Miss Ostrander, G. Leatherdale, H. Hozer, J. Alexander, P. Gibson.
Middle Row: M. Cooper, M. Dawson, B. Burn, E. Gibson, M. Ball, L. Agur, G. Haycock, M. Cooper, P. Gray.
Front Row: J. Bell, J. Fish, G. Horlick, V. Harvey.
Absent: I. Busskiewicz, L. Brinn, S. Bell, I. Fazakas.

XIIB

XIIB

Back Row: C. Ronson, K. Kelly, N. Mason, Miss Grieve, D. MacLennan, S. Tait, S. Mayorcsak, J. Garnham.
Middle Row: W. Heckford, H. Knautz, M. Mabee, K. Sandor, M. Thompson, A. Nichols, M. Pearce, A. Vasiliunas.
Front Row: G. Webster, T. Varga, P. Seres, C. Wilkinson, L. Libitz.
Absent: F. Monk, B. Truefitt, J. Jones.

XIC

XIC

Back Row: R. Claringbold, J. Nezezon, J. Moran, F. Phillips, W. Bradfield.
Third Row: D. Grant, A. Choma, B. A. Ewerth, M. Girvin, C. Wilson, M. Verscheure, R. Bennell.
Second Row: Y. Burnett, E. Biener, M. Buti, M. L. Pegg, B. Maecklebergh, J. McQueen, Mr. Alxander.
Front Row: J. Sinden, A. Sharp, R. Lucas, R. Cloes.

A Country Dance

In the country, the main feature of social life is the country dance, and now, with a background of noise in the loudest sense of the word, merriment, and "corn", I would like you to come with me to one of these "shindigs".

The country dance is usually held in the one-room community hall. There is an uncurtained stage at the front, and old-fashioned wood-stove in the centre of the floor, and a neat row of backless and almost legless chairs along the three walls. It is in this building that some fifty men, women, and offspring gather, usually on Friday nights, to expel the excess energy they have accumulated during the week.

The people start to assemble about nine o'clock but the dance is not in full swing until ten-thirty. During this hour and a half the men just stand around, discussing egg prices, sales, tractors and any new calves, recently born. The women rake over the coals all the other women that are not there, while the children are having the time of their lives playing "touch-tag" and "crows and cranes" in the middle of the floor. Then comes the arrival of "The Punkin Centre Corn Huskers" who are to render the evening's music. This orchestra consists of two fiddlers, a pianist and a gentleman who plays guitar, mouth organ, and drums simultaneously, if you please!

The next ten minutes are occupied by the tuning up of the fiddles and all eyes are glued on the musicians. Then a good swift polka brings the spellbound audience to its senses, and young and old commence to limber up their joints and get into the swing of things. This number having been executed, an old-timer friskily jumps to the stage, picks up the tin megaphone, and drawls into it, "Fill up th' floor!" A square dance follows.

The floor is filled in a minute with sets of old and young. During the prelude to the dance the veterans jig themselves into the mood, while the shy ones stand awkwardly, heads bent. Then the caller shouts, "Allemande left, the corners all," words which draw a "Whoopee" from all present, and they're off.

After the people have put themselves back together and caught a breath or two, they join the orchestra in a quieter two-step. This is followed by a schottische, and here it is that the old-timers shine.

At about three o'clock it is decided that the dance had better come to a close. During the course of the evening Mrs. Ploughhandle has danced the heel off her new pair of paddy green spikes. Old Mr. Hogtrough, overexcited, has swallowed the juicy morsel of "Copenhagen" that he has been enjoying all evening. Mrs. Kettle has lost one of her children. Ah well, she has eleven others to keep her company. Nevertheless, everyone has had a "crackin' good time."

In conclusion, if the time comes when you are most disheartened and are even considering ending it all, find out if there is a country dance being held anywhere, attend it, and just see how HAPPY life CAN be!

On second thought, maybe you had better not.

Betty Grey, XIII.

Sunset Fantasy

Streaking, fleeting clouds lie by
Where as eastern lands do die,
The blazing sun-god's rays
Are filled through a daze
Painting skies cerulean hue,
Majestic purple, golden blue.

Dancing columns of silver glaze
Temples of clouds in the maze
Floating in a silent harmony
Of lustrous colour symphony.

Wally Hoyle, IIA.

Languages

KATHLEEN SANDOR, XIIB

LES ECOLES EN BELGIQUE

Par Liliane Simons Grade X-B

Comme dans presque toute l'Europe les écoles de la Belgique sont très bien developées.

C'est au regret de beaucoup d'élèves que l'école est compulsive jusqu'au quatorze ans. Pour ajouter à leur douleur, le ministère d'education pense à prolonger l'obligatoire d'un aux.
gatoire d'un an.

On y trouve deux genres d'écoles, l'école d'état et les écoles libres.

Sous les écoles libres on trouve des écoles conduites par l'église catholique et les écoles conduites par des particuliers.

Les enfants vont à l'école de leur troisième ans et y reçoivent une éducation préparative pour la première degré. On appelle cette section de petits "Le jardin des enfants". C'est à l'âge de six qu'on entre dans la première degré et que la vie scolaire commence.

Comme la Belgique est un petit pays avec une population diverse on y trouve des langues différentes. Les deux langues dominantes sont le français au Sud et le flamand au Nord. Par conséquent les deux langues sont compulsives dans toutes les écoles.

Les écoles publiques apprennent presque les mêmes branches que les écoles publiques du Canada. Les différences sont qu'ils apprennent le français depuis le premiere degré. Les méthodes ne sont pas si modernes et leur opinion est qu'on donne trop de liberté aux enfants d'Amerique. Malheureusement les écoliers canadiens et américains ne réalisent pas cette liberté. Aussi on y a des branches qui durent une heure au lieu d'une demi-heure ce qui a l'avantage qu'on ne se sent pas comme si on venait de faire une marche de cinq milles. On a une demi-heure de récréation au matin mais nulle récréation dans l'après-midi.

Après l'école publique on peut aller a l'école moyenne dont les degrés correspondent avec les premiers degrés des "High Schools" d'ici. On y apprend. Le néerlandais, le français, l'anglais et l'allemand, la géometrie, l'histoire, la géographie, l'algèbre, le commerce, la musique, et ainsi de suite. On y donne beaucoup d'attention au development physical, on fait beaucoup de gymnastique et on nage une fois par semaine. Pour les faire plus strictes on a des écoles pour filles et des écoles pour garçons.

On peut aussi aller à l'athené après l'école publique, et les degrés y correspondent avec celles des "High Schools" seulement, ils contiennent six degrés au lieu de cinq.

La misère avec les devoirs y est plus grande qu'ici et les professeurs font tout leur possible à tenir les enfants à la maison.

Les premières écoles étaient fondées par l'église catholique et c'est à elle aussi que la Belgique doit la fondation des deux premières universités celles de Louvain et de Bruxelles. C'est aussi à elle que la Belgique doit ses nombreux collèges.

L'année passée se déroulait un petit incident qui montre très bien quel respect et quel amour les collégiens tiennent pour leur ville et l'esprit du vieux bon temps qui brouille encore entre eux!

C'était entre le collège d'Anvers et le collège de Malines.

Dans le quatorzième siècle, Anvers et Malines se combattaient pour une poupée, appelée "Son Seigneur" et qui était la mascotte de la ville d'Anvers. Malines la lui avait arrachée et elle restait à Malines jusqu'à l'année dernière quand quelques collégiens d'Anvers l'avaient enlevée du musée de Malines.

Les collégiens anversois étaient si heureux qu'ils manquaient d'aller à l'école et il faisaient la tournée de la ville avec de

la musique et beaucoup de tumulte en entrainant la poupée entre eux.

Leur joie allait si loin que quelques-uns d'eux faisaient des feux dans les rues et que même la Police était alertée pour tenir l'ordre entre ces "rebelles". Enfin, la poupée était presentée au maire d'Anvers et après un jour de joie retournée au musée de Malines.

Il est aussi la coutume dans presque toutes les écoles de faire un voyage toutes les années. Selon le degré on fait des tours dans la patrie et en France, en Hollande, en Luxembourg, en Suisse ou en Angleterre.

On loge dans des "Auberges pour la jeunesse" une société qui s'est distribuée dans beaucoup de pays et où on a du logement et des repas à un prix convenable.

Vous ririez, mais c'est naturel la-bas que les garçons portent des culottes. Peut-être ça vous semblez extravagant et ridicule mais c'est l'usage, et ça montre que ce ne sont pas seulement les filles qui ont de belles jambes!

En outre de ces écoles que j'ai nommées on y trouve aussi des écoles de musique et des conservatoires qui permettent à tout le monde un développement musicale.

Surtout des groupes de gymnastes sont devenus populaires et une large société, appellée "La mère du nord" contenant cinq cents élèves est un des plus grand du pays. On y forme des danseuse et des acrobates mais beaucoup d'enfant, la joignent pour leur santé. Ces groupes donnent des présentations dans plusieurs villes du pays. Quelques élèves supérieurs sont en train de s'entraîner pour les jeux olympique de 1952.

Un Belge ressemble à un Francais, vigoureux et vif, les écoliers sont éveillés et une saillie de temps en temps les aide dans leurs études.

(Editor's Note: Liliane, who came to Canada in May, 1950, lived all her life in Belgium and attended school there.)

LES POUSSES EXTIRPÉES

La partie de notre ménage dont je suis le plus fier c'est le jardin. Notre jardin est assez grand—vers vingt-sept mètres de long sur quatorze mètres de large. Un tiers de cette terre est du gazon et tandis que nous cultivons quelques légumes à présent, nous espérons qu'un jour le jardin sera tout plein de fleurs.

Les lits à fleurs sont les plus beaux au printemps lorsque s'épanouissent les tulipes, mais cet an nous eûmes de l'ennui au sujet de nos tulipes. Un matin, en cherchant des pousses, j'étais ébahi d'en voir que plusieurs avaient été extirpeés dans une manière qui faisait penser au résultat de l'opération des ciseaux.

Tenant absolument à trouver une solution, je demandai à mon père, qui est matinal, de guetter soigneusement le jardin avant d'aller au travail à six heures et demie du matin.

Au bout d'une semaine il découvrit la raison pour cet état—quelque chose de bien simple. Un petit lapin qui habitait la ravine au fond du jardin avait monté la colline la nuit pour manger les pousses fraiches!

Alors, je me rappelai qu'en automne, en sarclant les fraises, j'avais trouvé la demeure d'une famille de lapins, et je les avais aimés beaucoup! Que j'avais été fou!!

Par Richard Jones. XIII

—o—

UN PIQUE-NIQUE

Un jour pendant les vacances quelques jeunes gens de motre vousinage et moi nous nous sommes decidés a faire un pique-nique. Nous avons emballé notre panier et après une collation, nous sommes partis en auto pour le lac. Après que nous y avons atteint, nous avons joué au cache-cache, au baseball, et toutes les jeux plus gai. À midi nous avons étendu la nappe, deballé les comestibles, et nous avons mangé notre diner. Puis nous sommes partis au bois à cueillir des fleurs. Plus tard nous sommes revenus au lac et nous sommes allés nager devant notre départ pour chez nous à peu près cinq heures. Nous avons passé une journée agréable au lac.

Joyce Hicks, XI-A

UNE AVENTURE NOCTURNE

Un soir, après avoir assisté a l'église, mon amie et moi nous conduisions l'auto à la campagne. Nous étions bien aise de pouvoir faire une promenade parce qu'il faisait bien chaud. Alors mon amie a entrevu une lumière dans la forêt éloignée. Cette lumière nous a effrayées parce qu'un grand feu était ce dont nous semblions avoir particulièrement peur. Nous avons decidé d'envoyer chercher un avertisseur d'incendie. Mettre cette idée à exécution il faut que nous allions à la ville. Nous avons fait ceci à toute vitesse. Une investigation du feu était fait et l'on en a trouvé la cause être la combustion spontanée. Le feu était bientot éteint et nous sommes rentrés chez nous.

Par Margaret Howey, XIII

UNE AVENTURE NOCTURNE

Un soir, je faisais encore mon devoir, à une heure. J'étais très fatiguée, mais mon devoir était presque fini. Tout à coup, j'entendis un bruit étrange. Je jetai un coup d'oeil au bout de la salle, et j'y vis une grande poule, en effet la plus grande poule que j'avais jamais vue. Des frissons moi couraient sur la peau. Je ne sus pas ce que faire. La poule s'avançai, mais je m'assis silencieusement incapable de me remuer. Elle vint tout près de moi. Puis je lui donnai un coup de pied. Je glissai de ma chaise et je tombai lourdement sur le plancher. Je jetai un coup d'oeil autour de moi. Où l'oiseau était-il? Puis je comprenais. La poule n'avait été qu'un cauchemare et j'en était bien aise. Après cela, je ne mange jamais la poule frite pour une collation nocturne.

Par Maxine Sanderson, XIII

French

Heck and twenty,
This French sure gets me,
Guess I'll be seventy
Before I subdue thee.

(Joan Merriott, XA)

PARLEZ-VOUS FRANÇAIS?

You do not need to answer the title question, but if you would like an easy (so the experts say) way to learn the language in hand, buy a newspaper entitled "Français à la Page" or visit the French people in their native land.

We tried the former, and for the mere sum of thirty-five cents received five issues of this bi-monthly paper. Besides current events, which were not so current when we read them, there were charming editorials, humorous items, jokes, and cross-word puzzles, a help in vocabulary.

In respect to the infallibility of the paper I cannot vouch for it, but I can, at least, guarantee its enjoyableness to the reader.

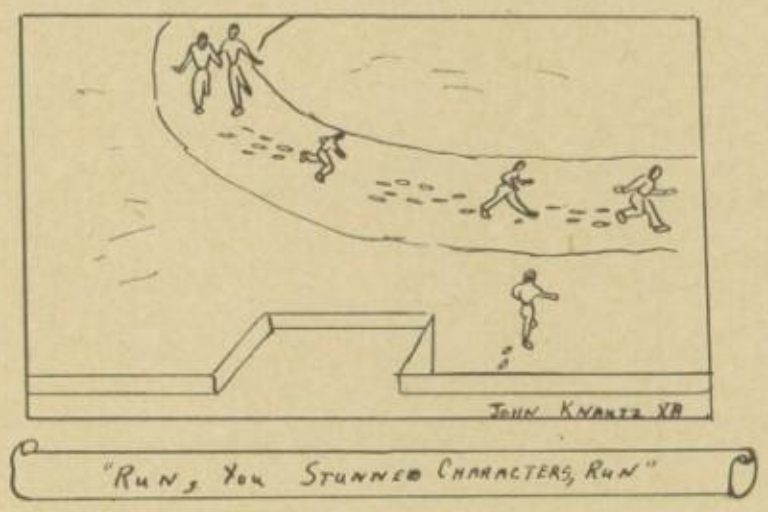
Margaret Cooper, XII-A

Miss Ostrander: "Translate this sentence, please, Noel. 'Mon chein est plus joli que celui de moń professeur'."

Noel Mason: "My dog is better-looking than my teacher's."

Miss Ostrander: "I'm glad you put the 's' on teacher."

(Maybelle Thompson, XIIB)



Roman Virtues

The rise and fall of the Roman Empire was a great event in the history of the world. What were the reasons for the growth of this great empire? Rome grew because of the virtues of her people. She was great because her citizens were patriotic; she expanded because her army was obedient to stern discipline, and because individuals were brave, bold, and courageous; she had the support of her conquered peoples because she was tolerant and treated them kindly.

The aim of the Roman education in republican times was to make a nation of brave warriors and dutiful citizens. As the virtues and ideals required were mostly of the stern variety, the best opportunities for putting them into practice came in war. Accordingly, the highest results of this training were reached in the Samnite Wars —a period thereafter known as the golden age of heroism and virtue. One of the most prominent heroes of these wars was the manly consul, Publius Decius. Each consul had dreamed on the night before a battle that the side would win whose general would willingly give his life for his country. Both were eager to do this, but it was decided that the one whose troops first began to give way should be the victim. The troops of Decius being the first to fall back, the consul rode into the thickest throng of the enemy, perishing on their spears. This valorous deed had little effect on the enemy, but it rallied the Romans, who went on to win the battle.

A citizen of republican times was, in the highest degree, obedient to authority, pious, frugal, and generally honest. So highly were these ideals worshipped, that the penalty for infringement was death. There are many stories like that of Titus Manlius, who, as a consul during a Samnite War, ordered his beloved son to be beheaded for disobeying orders, even though a victory resulted from the breach of discipline.

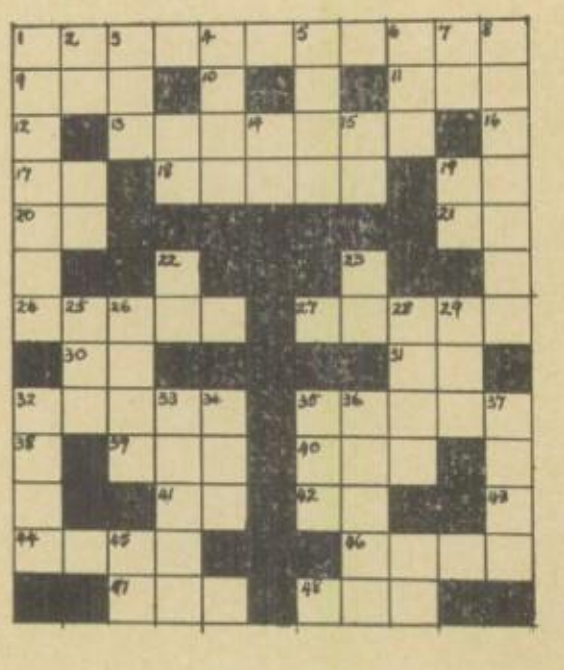
The title, "The Brave Deed of Mucius Scaevola," reminds us of the time when we had to wearily translate that passage from **Latin For Today.** This story is illustrative of the courage of the Roman soldier. Rome was being besieged during the course of the war, and Caius Mucius was sent into the enemy's camp to kill their king; however, he killed the king's secretary by mistake. When he was brought be fore the king, he was threatened with being burned alive if he did not reveal whatever plots had been made. Mucius thrust his right hand into the altar fire and said to the king, "See, how little those think of the body who have glory in view." The king was too brave a man himself not to appreciate the bravery of his enemy, and he ordered the young man to be sent home unharmed. By this exploit, Caius Mucius earned his other name, "Scaevola"—left-handed!

Typical of the fanaticism associated with discipline, the following story shows how profound was the regard of a Roman for the niceties of respect: The general, Fabius Cunctator, had a brilliant son, who was made consul. This office put him at the head of the army, above his father. The general rode up to greet his son as usual, but the son ordered him to dismount before he ventured to speak to a consul. The general, whom all Rome delighted to honour, was greatly pleased, and said, "My son, I wished to see whether you would remember the respect due to you as consul of the Roman people."

When Camillus was campaigning against the Etruscans, and was about to start a siege of Falerii, a school master approached him with a group of students. He put forth the plan that Camillus keep the boys and, in that way, force their fathers in Falerii to surrender, and he expected a great reward for his suggestion. However, Camillus answered indignantly, "We do not make war on boys. When I win, I win by bravery, labour, and arms." He then tied the tutor's hands behind his back, and gave the boys the privilege of whipping him back to town. This story illustrated the sense of fair play that had been developed by this race of warriors.

The forgetting of the ideals and virtues, along with other factors, and the relaxation from discipline, brought about the gradual disintegration of the Roman Empire, leaving her weak for invasion by the barbarians.

Mary Elizabeth McLeod, VIB.



Latin Crossword Puzzle

By K. Sandor, XIIB

ACROSS

1. our father
9. love (imperative sing.)
10. by
11. to use
12. Roman man's name (abbrev.)
13 having been warned (neut. sing.)
16. Roman man's name (abbrev.)
17. thing (abl. sing.)
18. bough
19. to that place
20. he
21. passive verb ending, 1st. person sing.
22. out of
23. from
24. table
27. even now
30. himself
31. nut (1st. 2 letters)
32. room of Roman house (abl.)
35. night (dat. sing.)
38. Roman numeral 500
39. as long as (last 3 letters)
40. I love
41. Roman numeral 101
42. one (stem)
43. Roman numeral 5
44. he is standing
46. he himself (abl. sing.)
47. so many
48. having used (masc. pl. nom.)

DOWN

1. native land (acc. sing.)
2. before noon (abbrev.)
3. so
4. frog
5. rising (abl. sing.)
6. then
7. and
8. stiffness (acc. sing.)
11. masc. sing. acc. ending of 2nd. decl.
14. "pure i-stem" acc. sing. ending
15. masc. sing. nom. ending of 2nd. decl.
19. I go
22. you (s.) are
23. but
25. he is
26. Roman emperor
28. inhabitant (1st. 4 letters)
29. or
32. you (s.) are present
33. I throw
34. I hate
35. sailor (1st. 3 letters)
36. all (masc. sing. nom.)
37. I help
45. yet

Answers elsewhere in the book.

Cervus Nasum Rudolphus

Cervus nasum Rudolphus
Habuit rubrum et clarum
Sique umquam videris
Ardere dices eum.
Ceteri omnes cervi
Appellabant nomina
Non sinebant Rudolphum
Ludere certamina.
Tunc Diei vespero
Dictum venit Claus
"Rudolphe, naso claro
Nonne me nocte ducis?"
Cervi clamabant gaudio
Et eum amabant-quam!
Rudolphe, naso rubro
Facies historiam!

Wally Hoyle, XIA.

(To the tune of "Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer")

Caesar in Cross Section

Caesar, the strong and verbose imperator,
Did ne'er as he fought see himself as an auctor;
With swords capiendi and aid mittendum,
He doubtless thought little of aping Tennysum.
He sendeth legatos, duces convocavit,
While semper his soldiers encouraged, instruit:
Yet, all with precise and compacta Latinã
He sat in his tent to write down what he'd seen: ah,
If only his army maximus were not—
If only by telo Gallo he'd been shot—
If even betrayed or illiterate, we'd not
Have to read in detail his pugnãs and what-not!
Which things having failed, however, we're caught
And compelled to digest all the battles he fought.
Deinde or denique, (whatever you please),
Legati ab hostibus come, clasp his knees,
And offer entreaties, themselves being friendly,
To Caesar to spare them, immimos pugnandi.
But still obsides flagitare, insisteth
The bold imperator, or else he resisteth!
Twenty-two chapters, three hundred lines later,
The eloquent Julius, the wordy narrator,
Replaces his sword as he gloats on success,
And, foedere facto, ends the whole hectic mess!

Richard Jones, XIII

Montreal

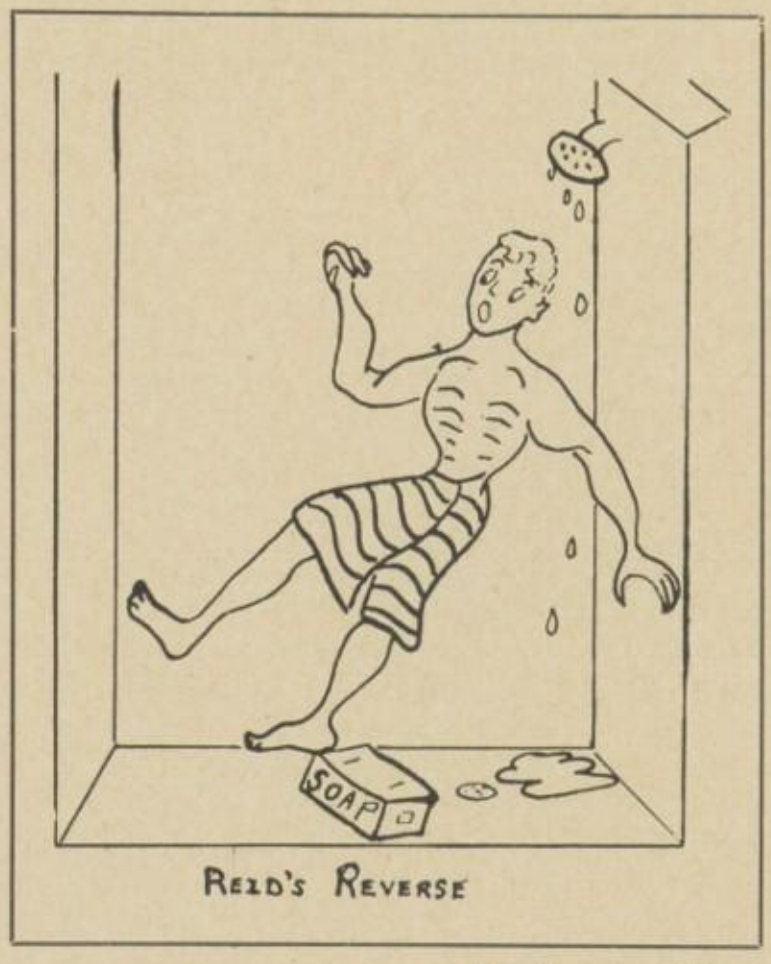
Have you ever been in Montreal? It is a very pretty city with its quaint streets and buildings and modern ones too. The old streets are narrow and dark and the buildings are big and dirty; however, in contrast, in the newer zones the houses are neat and clean and the streets are wide. In fact it surprised one to see that city streets could be so wide.

Among the old buildings that fascinated me while I was there, was the Notre Dame Church with its twin towers which are replicas of Notre Dame de Paris. This church represents peace and beauty to the faithful parishioners who can be found praying there during night or day. This church is very large with gorgeous stained-glass windows and a beautiful altar at the front.

After taking a street-car (those crowded electrical buses that can be tricky if you have never ridden on them before) we arrive at St. Catherine street west which is Montreal's great shopping and amusement centre. The stores are large and the sales-clerks speak both English and French. It is interesting to note that in Montreal the movies are open Sunday afternoons.

If ever you should go to Montreal, do not miss seeing the Cross on Mount Royal. This beautiful cross is illuminated on Catholic holidays and it also serves as a beacon for ships and planes. It marks the original site of a wooden cross planted by Maisonneuve.

Aldona Vasiliunas, XIIB.



REID'S REVERSE

M. French, XIIC

Jokes

BOB MASON, XIA

Mrs. Dunbar (in history class): "For current events to-day, we shall have Charles take Korea."

Dick Wilson: "How can Charles take Korea when the U.N. can't?"

(Eleanor Lee, XB)

Grant Neale: "Did you hear that Colston Hale fell from the senior lab. window, landed on the cement below, and wasn't hurt?"

B. Maclennan: "No. Why wasn't he hurt?"

G. Neale: "He had his light fall suit on!"

(Grant Neale, XIA)

S. Jackson: "Do you know the difference between dancing and marching?"

B. Mason: "No, I don't."

S. Jackson: "I thought not!"

(Bob Mason, XIA)

B. Auston: "Mr. Sinclair must have blown a hole in the roof."

F. Knautz: "Why, what makes you think that!"

Bruce: "The repair man dropped in to-day."

Mr. Campbell: "If you had a six-sided figure, what would you do?"

W. Hoyle: "I'd join a side show, I guess."

Dorothy Mc.: "But I don't think I deserve an absolute zero."

Mr. Sinclair: "Neither do I, but it's the lowest mark I can give."

(Bruce Austin, XIA)

"What is college-bred, Pop?"

"College bread is a five-year loaf made from the flavour of youth, and the old man's dough."

Miss Grieve: "You are positively the slowest boy I know!" Isn't there anything you are quick at?"

Gord Fentie: "I get tired awfully fast, ma'am."

A man asked Tanner how far it was to Eden. "Wal," calculated Tanner, "It's 24,992 miles the direction you're going, 'bout 7 miles if you turn round."

(Roy Stewart, XIA)

If it wasn't for
This one small verse,
There's be a joke here
Ten times worse.

(Martha Hillner, XIA)

"You know," said Dave Richards, "I have half a mind to go to college."

"Well," said Mr. Beattie, "That's as good as most."

A student was asked to give a definition of a woman. He cleared his throat and began, slowly: "A woman is, generally speaking . . ."

"Stop right there," cut in the English teacher, "You've said it!"

"Jim Jones," asked Miss McIntosh, "How far were you from the correct answer?"

"Only three seats, ma'am."

J. Culp: "I'm tired. I was out with a nurse last night."

J. Shmo: "Cheer up. Maybe your mother will let you go out without one, sometime."

R. Jones: "Pardon me, but you look like Helen Green."

First Former: "So what? I look worse in pink!"

The Dark Room.

Betty Grey, XIIC

THE DARK ROOM

If you should chance to stray
Beneath the stage of grey,
There you'll find the Dark Room,
Swept clean with busy broom.
With panels thin, but dark within;
The wall, and floor, and ceiling low
Reflect our lamplight's ruddy glow;
A bench of wood,
Where long we've stood,
An enlarger, we hope, is going to support,
To "blow up" our snapshots of every sort.
As of now we have no sink,
And of course no water to drink.
A windowless cave, sans ventilation,
Whose radiator promotes suffocation—
The room is usually quite dusty,
But could hardly be called musty—
A highly undisputable mark
Of amateur carpenters' art!
And proud we are, for who could ask for more?
There you'll find us from three-twenty till four.

ANSWERS TO LATIN CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS: 1. pater noster, 9. ama, 10. a, 11. uti, 12. T(itus), 13. monitum, 16. G(aius), 17. re, 18. ramus, 19. eo, 20. is, 21. or, 22. e, 23. a, 24. mensa, 27. etiam, 30. se, 31. nu, 32. atrio, 35. nocti, 38. D, 39. oad, 40. amo, 41. CI, 42. un, 43. V, 44. stat, 47. tot, 48. usi.

DOWN: 1. patria, 2. a.m., 3. tam, 4. rana, 5. ortu, 6. tum, 7. et, 8. rigorem, 11. um, 14. im, 15. us, 19. eo, 22. es, 23. at, 25. est, 26. Nero, 28. inco(la), 29. aut, 32. ades, 33. iacto, 34. odi, 35. nau(ta), 36. omnis, 37. iuvo, 45. at.

Minister of Education Visits T. D. H. S.

There are many exciting features of the first year in the life of a new school. Not the least exciting of these is the frequency with which the school is inspected by distinguished guests.

On Wednesday, April 11th, Ontario's Minister of Education, Hon. Dana Porter, who is also Attorney-General, paid T.D.H.S. the honour of a visit. In town for the official opening of the Tillson Avenue Public School, Mr. Porter came to our school at four o'clock and toured the building with Mr. Kirkwood and members of the High School Board.

In the Home Economics Room tea was served to Mr. Porter, the Board, members of the staff and friends of the school. The refreshments were prepared by the Home Economics classes of IXF, IXE, XC and XIC under Miss Volker's direction. At the attractive tea table tea was poured by Miss Field and Miss Ostrander. The guests were served by Arabelle Howes, Jean Anderson, Joyce Hicks, Marie Stroud, Shirley Smith, Betty Vanderhoek, and Jane McQueen.

CYCLING SORROWS

Continued from Page 63

I forgot what little I had learned. This loss of confidence resulted in a humiliating tumble. Much annoyed, I got on the bike again, and concentrated on operating those horrible pedals. Magically, for a moment, both feet and pedals responded.Perry hooted with incredulous delight, "You did it!"

At the end of the week I was almost too stiff and aching to walk with comfort, but these physical discomforts were petty compared with the immense satisfaction of knowing that at last I could ride a bike!

Joyce Hustler, XIII.

FIRST
STUDENTS
IN OUR
NEW
SCHOOL

ENTRE NOUS

I went to bed "sans souci,"
Had studied till 2:03;
The feats of Newton and Euclid
Were now well known to me.
The legends of Circe and Plato,
The phrases of Latin and French
Were etched on my brain with anguish;
At last I could retrench.
. . . "Labor omnia vincit."

Next morning, fools noticed my ardor
To reach T.D.H.S.
"Bonjour," I called to all people
To show my happiness.
The commendation of teachers,
Which I'd been yearning to get,
Would soon be earned; a reward
For hours of appliance and sweat.
. . . "Mes Chateaux en Espagne."

The bell—then a "brutum fulmen."
The ogre asked, in glee,
To hear a digest of history;
And he fixed his eyes on me!
I groaned, "How failed I thus?
Eight hours I slaved on my work!"
I gnashed my teeth, and weeping
I drooped—to again be "a jerk."
. . . "Resurgam."

Noel Mason, XIIB.

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Just Think of How Cheap Our School Is

Have you ever wondered just what students from other schools think of our building in comparison with their own? This thought has often occurred to me, and so, armed with pencil and paper, I set out to find an answer when two busloads of students from London South Collegiate visited us for a recent Friday night basketball session.

Stationed in the main hall I heard such random comments as, "A school like this around "South" would be wrecked in no time!", "The halls here are better than any of our rooms," and "This is the first school I've ever seen with a phone booth!" As one group of girls sailed down hall four, someone spotted a caretaker at work, and exclaimed, "Look! They're even waxing the locker doors!" Another member of the group was so overwhelmed that she just blurted out, "Just think how cheap our school is!"

With my curiosity and pride now at a pretty high level, I proceeded to the second floor, where another small gang was even getting a peek inside some of the rooms, accompanied by two caretakers. I heard as I followed at a short distance, "Ooh! Look at the typewriters! This is for us. Aren't they super!" Stepping inside the library someone mentioned a favourite teacher, and remarked, "Could I learn from John in a room like this!" In another classroom, a lovely young maiden sank into a desk, gazed about in delight as she read from the board, "Homework agenda . . . "fero" and compounds . . .," and then murmured appreciatively, "Couldn't you sleep in desks like this!"

By now the crowd was somewhat less, but I walked up to a group (mostly girls) that remained, and commenced conversation. One of them queried, "How many do you have in each locker?" When I told her there was usually only one, she gasped, and, going to the wall, explained confidentially, "Our lockers come to about here (she indicated a width of about eight inches) they're about this high (two and a half feet) and we have two sharing each."

A feminine voice called out, "Where's the home economics room?" Obligingly, we (the caretakers and I) escorted them to said room, and once inside, the girls thought that everything was "gorgeous," cried "Holy Cow! What'll they think of next?", and finally declared frankly, "Our sewing-room is like a prison."

With my party finally dwindled down to three or four, we stopped in room 31 for a chat about school in general. One of my friends told me on the subject of cafeterias, "Our cafeteria consists of one small room with a Bunsen burner to heat the soup." We all had a good laugh, and while I realized that a good deal of their talk was necessarily exaggerated, still there was plenty of warm enthusiasm in it, and someone said sincerely, "Tillsonburg is nice; I'd like to live down here." That seemed to me to be just about the biggest compliment they could have paid, coming as it did from a member of a large city collegiate.

They assured me, however, that they were not deliberately running down their own school, but that since it is twenty years old, it could hardly compare with T.D.H.S. A fellow near me expressed it this way: "The three best things about this school are that you can get hot water from the hot water taps, soap from the soap containers, and paper towels from the towel box." In defence of his own school, he added, "All I can say is that South has one of the nicest Bunsen burners in the country!"

"Hey, ya got any swimming pool here?", somebody shouted. I told him we hadn't. "Shame," he answered, in acute disappointment, "no swimming pool!"

As they left me to enter the gym, I stuffed my scribbled notes into my pocket, replaced the pencil where I had found it in the store-room, and thought to myself, "No, we haven't a swimming pool, but who cares, when we have everything else?" And I'm sure that no one from South (or any other school) could ever say that T.D.H.S. looks cheap!

R. Jones, XIII.

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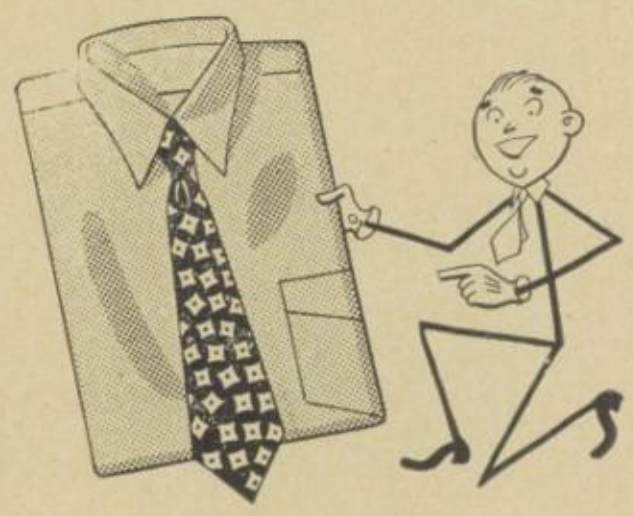

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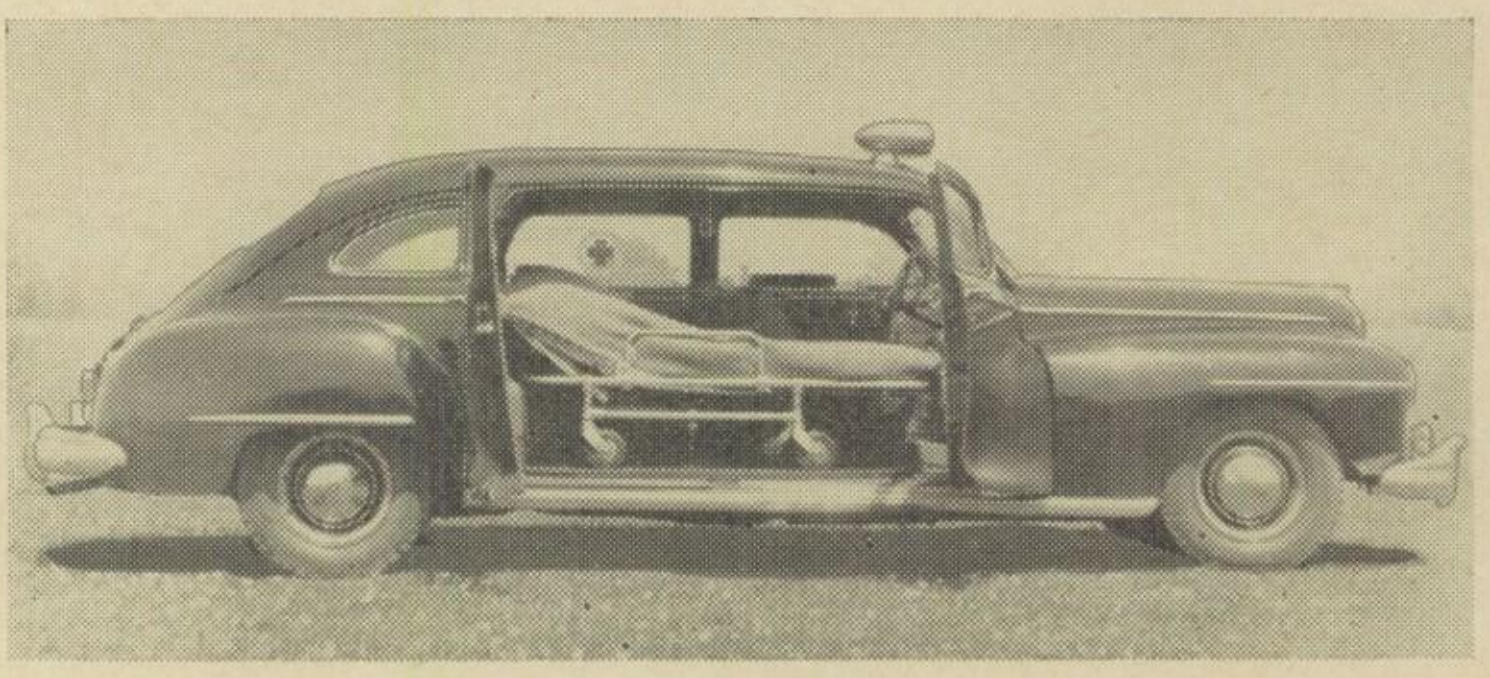

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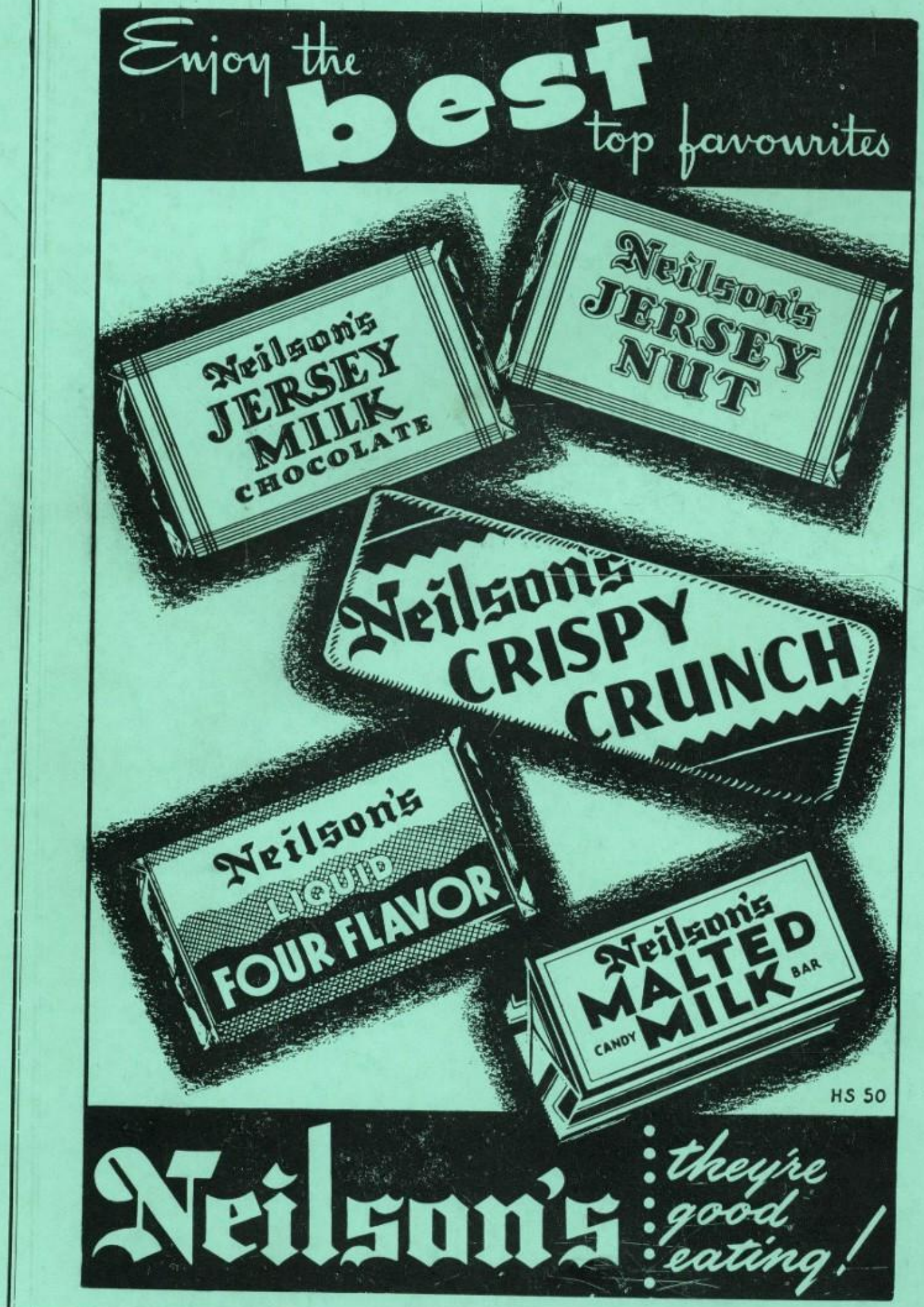
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